

# EMPLOYEES' MAGAZINE

The Union Pacific Coal Company.  
Washington Union Coal Company.



APRIL, 1925

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The Union Pacific Coal Company

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VOLUME 2

APRIL, 1925

NUMBER 4

## The Last Five Mine Accidents

ON February 20th the City Coal Company's mine, in the Number Five Seam, near Sullivan, Indiana, exploded, this the worse mine accident suffered in the State of Indiana, fifty-one lives lost, but one man within the mine returning alive. The mine was reported as suffering a squeeze for some days preceding the explosion, it is probable that gas discharged into the squeezed area from cracks and fissures were suddenly thrust out into the area occupied by the fifty-two men in the mine, who were working with open flame lights. The Number Five Seam has borne the reputation of giving off little or no explosive gas, and the City Mine had previously shown no gas. From the technical press we gather, "the mine does not use rock dust and there is no sprinkling to wet the dust. All lamps used in the mine are carbides, as in the rest of the state."

On March 3rd Atlas Number Three Mine, located in Pike County, Indiana, suffered an explosion, fortunately, however, without loss of life; the explosion attributed to the instantaneous detonation of sixty shots which were exploded from the surface with all men out of the mine.

On March 6th another Indiana mine, near New Goshen, suffered several thousand dollars damage from an explosion, said to have been occasioned by a windy shot, the shot firer on the cage when the accident occurred; and the same week a windy shot killed a shot firer in another Indiana mine. Black powder and open lights are an established condition in Indiana mines, conditions which no longer exist in our Wyoming properties.

On March 17th the scene shifted to West Virginia, Mine Forty-One of the Bethlehem Mines Corporation exploding between 9:30 and 10:00 P. M., thirty-four men in the mine at the time. Mine Forty-One is in the Pittsburg Seam, about eight feet thick, this seam looked upon as gassy, the dust highly explosive. The blast is reported as one of the most violent ever experienced in the Fairmont region, the tippie wrecked by the explosion, press reports given

out as this is written indicating that all of the thirty-four men are lost. A normal day force for this mine is about four hundred men, and Providence alone was responsible for the accident happening when the working force was small. In 1916 the same mine suffered an explosion that cost the lives of nineteen men.

In 1907 explosions took a toll of 868 lives, then the line wavered, sinking from 1918 to 1922, when that year came with 264 deaths; 1923 taking 286; and 1924 a total of 445. Bear in mind that we are commenting on explosions involving the loss of five or more men, the daily death toll in all mines approximately seven men. The job of prevention is too big for quibbling, it is our job and your job. Employers and Employees are equally responsible.

## Our Quarterly Joint Mine Inspection

LATE in 1924 arrangements were made for the joint inspection of our Wyoming mines under the plan which is provided for by the laws of the State of Washington, and which governs in the Tono Mine, and which, in substance, provides for the Mine Superintendent selecting an underground mine worker, who is paid by the Coal Company, the Local Union to select another underground worker, paid by the Union, the two acting with the Safety Engineer or the Ventilation Engineer constituting the Committee on Examination. It will be observed that the Mine Superintendent is given equal representation with the men, and beyond that point he has no further part to play until the Committee's report is returned.

The Safety Engineer reports to the President, and we have before us the findings of the first joint inspection. In every instance except one, the individual reports were signed by all men conducting the examination, one local, however, failing to appoint its representative, the report in this instance confined to the two men selected by the Company.

With the view of clarifying the plan in the minds of the men, we would like to make clear that—

- (a) Constructive criticism is invited, even urged.

The EMPLOYEES' MAGAZINE is a monthly publication devoted to the interests of the employees of THE UNION PACIFIC COAL COMPANY and WASHINGTON UNION COAL COMPANY, and their families, and is distributed to employees free of cost, subscription price to other than employees, \$1.00 per year. Articles of interest to our readers, photographs and sketches suitable for reproduction, are solicited and should be addressed to EDITOR, EMPLOYEES' MAGAZINE, UNION PACIFIC COAL CO., ROCK SPRINGS, WYOMING. JESSIE McDIARMID, Editor.

- (b) No employe need fear that his honest suggestions will be misconstrued or ignored.
- (c) What the Company's officials want is advice and help that will reduce fatal and non-fatal accidents to the minimum.
- (d) There is no "bug," large or small, under the chip, and employes' committee-men who decline to join the Company's selection in a report have full right to make a minority report, but we think they should discuss and make clear their views to their fellow committee-men, getting all the facts; thereafter, if unable to agree, it will be helpful if minority reports include reference to the points of difference.

The joint inspection plan is not a job-getting proposition, it is meant to help the cause of Safety in a clear, broadminded, wholesome way, and the reports are sent to the President, who is amply able to go to the point of controversy, if one should develop, settling the question in the light of the facts, giving the mute, invisible party, "Make It Safe," the benefit of all doubt. That the workers who assisted in the recent inspection kept contract conditions out of their findings, speaks volumes for the success of the plan. Matters of wages, work and conditions already have machinery provided for their settlement, apart from the Safety Movement.

Let's MAKE IT SAFE.

## William Green, President American Federation of Labor

*By James Morgan, Sec'y-Treasurer,  
District 22, U. M. W. of A.*

THE selection by the Executive Council of the American Federation of Labor of William Green to head this great labor organization, was hailed with a great deal of satisfaction by members of organized labor throughout the country; it was especially pleasing to the members of the United Mine Workers of America who had known "Billy" Green personally, and to those who had come in contact with him when he was active in the miners' movement in Ohio, where he served with ability the miners of District No. 6 as President, and later on when he became Secretary Treasurer of the International Union, which he gave up only to serve in a larger way the entire labor movement of the country as President of the American Federation of Labor.

Mr. Green's long experience in the labor movement, his talent for leadership, his outstanding record as a public spirited citizen and his ability to make friends and harmonize conflicting opinions, makes his selection as President a wise one.

To those who hoped to see the American Labor Movement, as represented by the American Federation of Labor, move forward and use every power at their command to unify and bring closer together the various units of the American Labor Movement, Mr. Green's selection was a matter of sincere congratulation. In Wyoming, where he is well known and has visited and addressed the miners of the State on several occasions, it seemed to bring the American Feder-

ation of Labor just a little closer to the affiliated organizations, and there is no doubt in the minds of his thousands of Wyoming friends and well wishers that he will carry on the arduous work of the Federation with honor to himself and credit to the millions of members of the American Federation of Labor.

## Our Estimated Coal Reserve

*By Thos. Foster*

THERE has been considerable speculation as to how long the supply of coal in the United States would last, but there are so many factors that enter into any estimate of this kind that it is a good deal of a guess.

It was estimated that the coal reserve of the United States was about 3,525,000,000,000, January 1st, 1919, and as we have used less than 1% of the total supply this amount has not been depreciated very much since that time.

The Rock Springs coal mines and those in the vicinity are located in the Green River Basin, which is one of the most extensive coal bearing areas in the United States.

The Green River and Hams Fork region and Hanna field are a part of the Rocky Mountain area, and the estimated reserve tonnage in these regions is about 665,000,000,000. About 30% of the coal reserve of the United States is in the Rocky Mountain area, and 60% of the coal in the Rocky Mountain area is in the Green River and Hams Fork region and in the Hanna field.

The Green River region is a great irregular basin in Southwestern Wyoming in which Rock Springs is the most important mining center; the first coal mines opened here about 1869; some of the coal in this region is so deeply buried that it is doubtful if it will ever be mined. The coal is Lignite and Bituminous. Hams Fork region lies to the west of the Green River region. In it are situated the Cumberland, Kemmerer and Diamondville mines. The coal in this field varies considerably in thickness, some places being over 80 feet thick. The coal is Lignite and high grade Bituminous. To the east of the Green River region lies the Hanna field in which are situated the Hanna mines, the coal in this field being mostly Sub-Bituminous.

The Green River region is the second largest coal bearing region in the United States. This enormous basin extends from Rawlins on the east to beyond Granger on the west; and from the Wind River on the North to the Yampa River on the South, including an area of about 17,000 square miles.

The report of the Geological survey of 1918 gave the approximate amount of the different kinds of coal in reserve in the United States as follows:

	TONS
Anthracite and Semi-Anthracite.....	21,960,000,000
Semi-Bituminous .....	50,163,000,000
Bituminous .....	1,440,822,000,000
Sub-Bituminous .....	1,002,351,000,000
Lignite .....	1,037,514,000,000
	3,552,810,000,000

It is estimated that about 666,000,000,000 tons of this amount lies from 3,000 to 6,000 feet below the surface, and is consequently unmineable.

The estimated coal reserve of the world amounts to 8,154,322,500,000 tons. The United States and Alaska have an estimated reserve of 4,231,352,000,000 tons.

Over 50% of the reserve coal of the world is in the United States and Alaska. The ultimate exhaustion of the coal reserve of the United States appears to be an event so far in the future that it need not cause this generation much anxiety.

# KOA

## New Radio Broadcasting Station of the General Electric Company, Denver, Colorado

**A**NOTHER national voice, KOA, the Rocky Mountain Broadcasting Station of the General Electric Company, at Denver, Colorado, is now on the air. In fact, KOA is rapidly becoming a household expression.

It is too soon to anticipate the effect that radio will have upon the people of the earth, for it has brought new lines of thought and new ideas for the mind to feed upon.

Situated in the center of the country, KOA may be heard by thousands of coal miners, and by thousands who never saw a coal mine, by people who live in perpetual snow and ice, and by people who languor under sweltering suns.

The antenna is 120 feet long and 150 feet above the ground. It is of the multiple tuned type with two down leads. Each of the three flat top cables spaced 12 feet apart consists of 7 strands of silicon-bronze wire. The usual ground connection is not used and in its stead a counterpoise which is 17 feet above the ground and is held in place by 15 steel supports. It gives one a weird feeling to behold the slender antenna and to realize that its radiations may be heard on the opposite side of the earth.

Sleet and snow may be melted from the antenna system by causing a high current to flow through the wires in order to raise the temperature.



Radio Broadcasting Station KOA, Denver.

occupy an office adjoining that of the studio manager. One thousand letters are received daily, 250 of which are written by Canadians and Californians. Eighty per cent are written by male listeners and the remainder are divided between women, children of school age, or are signed "Mr. and Mrs." All correspondence is acknowledged by the staff especially employed for the purpose. The bulk of each day's mail is to compliment individual artists or to applaud the program as a whole. Dozens of tokens are received, ranging from whistles and dolls to cigars and flowers. From Alberta, Canada, a one dollar bill



Within the building there is an atmosphere of dignity and serious purpose. The carpeted floor and comfortable furniture of the reception room suggest a cordial welcome to visitors and artists, while the decorative scheme adds a restful note of greeting. The office of the studio manager, on the first floor, offers a like friendly reception to business callers and those who aspire to a part in the programs of KOA.

The station maintains its own orchestra and its own group of radio actors. Staff members who have charge of correspondence (Continued on page 15)



Interior Views of Broadcasting Studio.

# William Shakespeare

By Eugene McAuliffe

**Shakespeare as boy, man, poet, actor and playwright, with a glimpse of the England and the times in which he lived and worked.**

ON April 26, 1564, the name of a male child was entered on the parish register of a little church in the Village of Stratford-Upon-Avon, now called Stratford-On-Avon, Warwickshire, England. No record of the exact date of birth was preserved, but as it was the general custom to baptize children on the third day, it can be assumed that this child, destined to take exalted leadership among, not alone English, but world authorship, was born on April 23rd. Stratford-On-Avon lies in the center of England, ninety-four miles northwest of London, and the peaceful River Avon flows through its heart to merge with the Severn a few miles below.

The parents, John Shakespeare and Mary Arden, his wife, were simple people. John was of the Yeoman, or small landowner class, and had been a farmer in a neighboring village, coming to Stratford about 1553, when he adopted the trade of "glover," and in addition thereto he bought and sold wool and other farm produce for such profit as he could make. The wife, Mary, came from an old Warwickshire family, inheriting a considerable property from her father. John and Mary Shakespeare had four sons and four daughters, and the boy William was the third child and the oldest son. The father rose to the position of High Bailiff, or Mayor, of Stratford in 1568, and all in due time death claimed the parents, and likewise the seven sisters and brothers of William passed into the land of oblivion, a land that sooner or later engulfs us all.

## THE SEVEN AGES

All the world's a stage,  
And all the men and women merely  
players:

They have their exits and their entrances;  
And one man in his time plays many parts,  
His acts being seven ages. At first the  
infant,

Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.  
And then the whining school-boy, with his  
satchel

And shining morning face, creeping like  
snail

Unwilling to school. And then the lover,  
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad  
Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a  
soldier,

Full of strange oaths and bearded like the  
pard,

Jealous in honor, sudden and quick in  
quarrel,

Seeking the bubble reputation  
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then  
the justice,

In fair round belly with good capon lined,  
With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,  
Full of wise saws and modern instances;  
And so he plays his part. The sixth age  
shifts

Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloen,  
With spectacles on nose and pouch on side,  
His youthful hose, well saved, a world  
too wide

For his shrunk shank; and his big manly  
voice,

Turning again toward childish treble,  
pipes

And whistles in his sound. Last scene  
of all,

That ends this strange eventful history,  
Is second childishness and mere oblivion,  
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans  
everything.

—As You Like It—Act II, Scene VII.

not well known. Various traditions have it that he was bound to a lawyer as clerk, that he was a soldier, a seaman, a printer; that he was driven out of Stratford for poaching; that he served

As schooling goes, that which fell to William Shakespeare was of short duration. He attended the Stratford Schools where the teachers "were University men of good Scholarship," and thanks to their thoroughness and the boy's capacity to absorb, he picked up a fair smattering of the rudiments, as well as a limited amount of Latin; however, at the age of thirteen, his class room days were over, and Shakespeare's studies after all were mainly those of "mankind and nature," his imperishable work evidencing a knowledge of men and the motives that inspire and actuate them that no other writer ever gleaned.

A detached double dwelling still stands on the north side of Henley Street in Stratford, where the poet was born, and the church in which his body lies (that of his wife and little son close by) still stands by the soft flowing Avon. The world long since made a beaten path to his door, and without doubt the pilgrimage will continue for centuries to come.

The Shakespeare country, as it is called, is rich, pretty and well watered. A few miles beyond are the low lying Cotswold Hills, beeches and oaks then dotted the fields, while sheep grazed on the wolds. The days of Shakespeare were brave days for old England, Queen Elizabeth was his sovereign; they were likewise the days of Drake and Raleigh, days of adventure upon the seas, days of romance at home. Hawking, hunting and fishing were gentlemanly sports, and Kenilworth and Warwick Castles in Shakespeare's own shire were centers of military and political interest. A deep seated sense of religion rested in the people, and from Coventry, a village noted for its old religious plays, many travelling bands of players set forth to re-enact age-old religious legends, some of which came to Stratford. It was in this same Village of Coventry that the famous legend of Lady Godiva's ride had its origin.

We have said that Shakespeare left school at thirteen. How he was occupied for some years thereafter is



as a country school-master, later tramping to London, then a city of 300,000, where dire necessity led him to take up the occupation of "horse-holder," the task of holding the horses of gentlemen who had ridden in to the play; to the theatres located across the River Thames in a district set aside for playhouses (of which there were then nineteen) and to the "pits," used for dog fighting and "bear-baiting," where dogs fought bears and where a motley crowd of spectators amused themselves, just as the people of the Latin countries south of us are amused by the cock fights of today. London was then infested with horse-thieves, and Shakespeare, seeking an occupation, took up the work of "horse-holding" and early conceived the plan of engaging boys as helpers or assistants, who announced themselves as "Shakespeare boys," the service thus rendered comparable to the policing that is today voluntarily organized by youths in our cities for the protection of automobiles. It is thought that from "horse-holding" the young man was taken into a "play company" in a "very mean rank."

Before going to London Shakespeare, not yet nineteen years of age, married Ann Hathaway, who was eight years his senior; the marriage one of convenience and said to have been arranged in December, 1582, to protect by legalized parentage a daughter thereafter to be born to them. There is no church record of Shakespeare's marriage, but the baptism of the daughter, Susanna, May 26, 1583, and that of twin children, Hamnet and Judith, February 2, 1585, are to be found in the parish records.

From 1586 to 1592, six years, little is known of Shakespeare's comings and goings. It is, however, believed that from his casual contact with play people he secured minor local parts in London theatres, later serving as a travelling player; the parts he enacted, the people he played to, with the memories of the peaceful life he spent as a boy among the Cotswold Hills as a background, serving as material upon which he later developed an array of characters that then and now present a pregnant cross-section of all humanity, its loves, passions, its ambitions and its miseries.

Perhaps we should here pause to sketch England and London as they were in the days of the poet and playwright. Elizabeth, "The Virgin Queen," daughter of Henry VIII and Anne Boleyn (beheaded in 1536), was the reigning sovereign. Elizabeth's shifting policies in matters pertaining to religion, which reached the culminating point in the execution of Mary, Queen of Scots, who was beheaded February 8, 1587, widened the breach that had heretofore existed between England and the outside Catholic world. In 1572 Sir Francis Drake, fearless soldier and intrepid navigator, embarked upon his second voyage to the Spanish Main, capturing the cities of Nombre de Dios and Vera Cruz, burning Porto Bello, likewise capturing and destroying several Spanish ships; and then journeying to the heart of the isthmus, he paused on the highest point of the dividing ridge and climbing into a tree, from whose top his guides told him both oceans could be seen, Drake, with that touch of romanticism that was common to the age, and which served to redeem his piracies, "besought Almighty God of His goodness to give him life and leave to sail once in an English ship in that sea." This desire Elizabeth's glorious freebooter afterwards gratified. Leaving England in 1577 with four small vessels, Drake undertook the circumnavigation of the globe, losing one ship in the storm-swept Straits of Magellan, another, the Elizabeth, going back, Drake, with half of his original fleet, limped into Deptford harbor three years after he sailed from Plymouth. As a commander he depended upon his own devil-may-care bravado, his consummate seamanship, and the reckless courage of his crew to carry him through. "To seek God's enemies and Her Majesty's, where they may be found" was the keynote of his roving commission, and no sport amused him more than that of "singeing the King of Spain's beard."

Another glorious seamp and freebooter, favorite of Elizabeth, was Sir Walter Raleigh, military and naval commander, poet, pirate and colonizer. His career, no less brilliant than that of Drake, ended when he laid his head upon the block October 29, 1618. Gazing at the snuff of the solitary candle that partially illuminated his cell the night before his execution, Raleigh wrote these words, which, with others of like import, were found in his Bible after death:

"Cowards may fear to die; but courage stout,  
Rather than live in snuff, will be put out."

While the guns of Drake and Raleigh were harrassing "His Majesty, the King of Spain and the West Indies," Elizabeth saw Protestantism come into world flower. This likewise was the age when Sir Phillip Sidney and Edmund Spenser through their poesy, Ben Jonson through his comedies, Beaumont and Fletcher through their dramatic work, and Tournour, Webster, Middleton and a host of other poets, playwrights and essayists made for the English language first place with the world's intellectuals. Elizabeth's reign was indeed the golden age of English literature and of discovery.

London in the days of Elizabeth was just then paving her principal streets, gas for street lighting did not appear until 1810, and "lanthorns" or lanterns, containing a tallow candle or rushes dipped in tallow, served for both outside and inside illumination. High gabled, two

storied, red roofed houses were the rule, and street signs with fantastic lettering and designs were common. Inside, benches did duty for chairs, rushes covered the floors and bedsteads were used only by the wealthy. A straw pallet, with a billet of wood curved to fit the neck and a sheepskin rug for a coverlet, sufficed to rest the mass of the people. In these days the River Thames was flecked with pleasure crafts, propelled by boatmen whose cries, "Eastward Ho!" and "Westward Ho!" echoed from bank to bank. Among the pleasure craft graceful swans sailed here and there and green meadows bordering the stream added beauty to the scene. One bridge, the historic London Bridge, completed in 1209, spanned the Thames, and its gateheads not infrequently wore in turn the heads of those who knelt beneath the axe. Through the city's narrow streets peddlers and hawkers cried their wares, and troops of men-at-arms, with cross-bows and pikes, dignitaries of the Church, bridal companies, bands of mummers, and at times the Queen, riding in her carriage of state, flanked with outriders and postilions, passed along. The costumes of the period were extravagant, gentlemen astride prancing steeds wore scarlet lined cloaks, velvet breeches, and billows of white ruffled lace decked their sleeves and throats. Wide hats with sweeping plumes, pistols and swords made complete their brave array. Stiff ruffs and fantastic hooped skirts, with rouged faces and colored wigs were in vogue with the ladies. Table knives came into fashion about 1563, but fingers still supplied the place of forks. Such was the setting in which Shakespeare found himself, a world of romantic color and adventure, while back of all there was another England, the England of strong, industrious, thrifty God fearing yeomen, a happy, contented people, who, caring little for refinement, stood unalterably for God, King and country, a peasantry who were intensely jealous of their rights.

We must hasten from the England of Shakespeare, which nourished and made him great, to his work. Much has been said regarding his alleged plagiarisms, his alleged wholesale adoption of the works of writers who preceded him, and the assistance which it has been said Shakespeare received from others. Seekers after transient fame have tried, again and again, to prove in turn that the man was a myth, that he was an illiterate boor, that he cribbed the manuscripts of others and employed scholars to improve, fashion and change them, thereafter claiming the work as his own. One ghost that has flitted across the stage time and time again was that Lord Francis Bacon's authorship of the Shakespearean plays. One ingenious American wrote numerous books and articles to prove the authorship of Lord Bacon through an alleged cypher, but the world reads these various emanations, yet smiles on and clings to its well fixed belief in William Shakespeare, poet and playwright.

From what course did Shakespeare summon his multitudinous characters? We can picture this man "without deformity of body, inordinately favored by nature," suffering the sting of poverty, sitting at night in his cheerless room, lighted by a single candle or a farthing rush, his thoughts drifting to and fro, between the meadows and streams of his native shire and the pomp and pageantry of London upper class life; thoughts hardened by the coarseness surrounding the existence that fate had thrust upon him. The best of the world's written word has ever been the product of the crucible of poverty. Doubtless it was at this time that the many-hued characters evolved by Shakespeare trooped in his mind's eye across life's stage—and what a motley collection it was—kings, queens and courtesans, soldiers and princes, clowns, mummers and jesters, knights in armor, jailers, grave diggers, thieves, poisoners, murderers, sighing lovers, innocent childhood; a veritable cross section of humanity, pictures of high life and low life, the madness of passionate romance and murderous intrigue; irony, caustic wit, village drollery, castles and hovels, fairies, scraps of Roman and English history. Out of that great brain, teeming with imagery, this endless procession ebbed and flowed, to say and do the things that humanity has done and will do while the race runs. Shakespeare took the skeletons of other men's ideas, it is true, but he took them to strip them of their rags, clothing them in turn with words that will ring in the ears of men for all time. Law, medicine, politics, diplomacy, theology, the field of the gifted and the learned, held no barriers which he did not surmount. He stood like a master musician drawing the bow of his genius across the hearts and souls of all humanity, each man, woman and child emitting a different note; love, hatred, ambition, pleasure or despair, and no greater contrast of character will ever be conjured by the mind of man.

Space forbids but brief quotation from this master of all language; passing all else, the poet would live through his sonnets, a work shrouded in mystery, withal a collection of sequential verses that both intrigue and charm, but it is his plays that after all the world knows best, entrancing as they do all mankind. *Romeo and Juliet*, written 1591-96, is a tale of an Italian feud the scene laid in Verona, the Houses of Montague and Capulet involved. Romeo, of the House of Montague, falls in love with Juliet, a friar marries them, next a street brawl and Mercutio, Romeo's friend, is killed by Juliet's cousin. Murder, passion, intrigue, saturate the story, but mad, frantic love is the pervading theme.



## ROMEO TO JULIET

But, soft! what light through yonder window breaks?

It is the east, and Juliet is the sun.  
Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,  
Who is already sick and pale with grief,  
That thou her maid art far more fair than she:

Be not her maid, since she is envious;  
Her vestal livery is but sick and green  
And none but fools do wear it; cast it off.  
It is my lady, O, it is my love!  
O, that she knew she were!  
She speaks, yet she says nothing: what  
of that?

Her eye discourses; I will answer it.  
I am too bold, 'tis not to me she speaks.  
Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,  
Having some business, do entreat her eyes  
To twinkle in their spheres till they return.

What if her eyes were there, they in her head?

The brightness of her cheek would shame  
those stars,  
As daylight doth a lamp; her eyes in  
heaven

Would through the airy region stream so  
bright

That birds would sing and think it were  
not night.

See, how she leans her cheek upon her  
hand!

O, that I were a glove upon that hand,  
That I might touch that cheek!

Act II, Scene II.

swims with sheer beauty. The Jew deserved more pity than censure, and the production of this great drama as made by Belasco, with David Warfield in the title role, some three years ago, presented a scene not soon forgotten.

## THE LIGHT IN THE HALL

Portia: That light we see is burning in my hall.  
How far that little candle throws his beams!  
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

Nerissa: When the moon shone, we did not see  
the candle.

Portia: So doth the greater glory dim the less:  
A substitute shines brightly as a king  
Unto the king be by, and then his state  
Empties itself, as doth an inland brook  
Into the main of waters. —Act V, Scene I.

And now we come to *Hamlet, Prince of Denmark*, written in 1601-2. *Hamlet* is likewise a play taken from an old story. Claudius, brother to the King of Denmark, conniving with Gertrude, the Queen, poisons his brother and seizes the throne; he then marries Gertrude. Hamlet, son of the murdered King, troubled by his love for Ophelia and shocked by his mother's hasty remarriage, returns to Denmark when the ghost of his father reveals the murder:

Hamlet: Angels and ministers of grace defend us!  
Be thou a spirit of health or goblin damn'd,  
Bring with thee airs from heaven or blasts from hell,  
Be thy intents wicked or charitable,  
Thou comest in such a questionable shape  
That I will speak to thee: I'll call thee Hamlet,  
King, father, royal Dane: O, answer me!  
Let me not burst in ignorance; but tell  
Why thy canonized bones, hearsed in death,  
Have burst their cerements; why the sepulchre,  
Wherein we saw thee quietly inurn'd,  
Hath oped his ponderous and marble jaws,  
To cast thee up again. What may this mean,  
That thou, dead corse, again in complete steel  
Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,  
Making night hideous; and we fools of nature  
So horribly to shake our disposition  
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls?

Say, why is this? wherefore? what should we do?

\*\*\*\*\*

Ghost: I am thy father's spirit,  
Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night,  
And for the day confined to fast in fires,

Till the foul crimes done in my days of nature  
Are burnt and purged away. But that I am forbid  
To tell the secrets of my prison-house,  
I could a tale unfold whose lightest word  
Would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young blood,  
Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their  
spheres,

Thy knotted and combined locks to part  
And each particular hair to stand on end,  
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine:  
But this eternal blazon must not be  
To ears of flesh and blood. List, list, O, list!  
If thou didst ever thy dear father love—

\*\*\*\*\*

Sleeping within my orchard,  
My custom always of the afternoon,  
Upon my secure hour thy unclo stole,  
With juice of cursed hebenon in a vial,  
And in the porches of my ears did pour  
The leprous distillment; whose effect  
Holds such an enmity with blood of man  
That swift as quicksilver it courses through  
The natural gates and alloys of the body,

And with a sudden vigor it doth posset  
And curd, like eager droppings into milk,  
The thin and wholesome blood: so did it mine;  
And a most instant tetter bark'd about,  
Most Lazar-like, with vile and loathsome crust,  
All my smooth body.  
Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother's hand

Of life, of crown, of queen, at once dispatch'd:  
Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin,  
Unhousel'd, disappointed, unanel'd,  
No reckoning made, but sent to my account  
With all my imperfections on my head:  
O, horrible! O, horrible! most horrible!  
If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not;

—Act I, Scene V.

*Hamlet* is the most complex of all the great plays, it has intrigued the world's play-goers for more than three centuries. Action, bloody and ghostly, is its keynote, eight murders, one ghost and one snide create a plot, mysterious and inscrutable to the end. Throughout an unknown force stays action and yet action redounds. The advice of Polonius to his son Laertes contains more wisdom than has since been compressed by man into equal space.

#### POLONIUS TO LAERTES

There; my blessing with thee!  
And these few precepts in thy memory  
See thou character. Give thy thoughts no tongue,  
Nor any unproportioned thought his act.  
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.  
Those friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,  
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel;  
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment

Of each new-hatch'd, unfledged comrade. Beware  
Of entrance to a quarrel, but being in,  
Bear't that the opposed may beware of thee.  
Give every man thy ear, but few thy voice;  
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.  
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,  
But not express'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy;  
For the apparel oft proclaims the man.

—Act I, Scene III.

The soliloquy on death has a majesty all its own and will continue to occupy a major place in English literature.

#### HAMLET'S SOLILOQUY ON DEATH

To be, or not to be: that is the question:  
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer  
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,  
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,  
And by opposing end them? To die: to sleep;  
No more; and by a sleep to say we end  
The heart-ache and the thousand natural shocks  
That flesh is heir to, 'tis a consummation  
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die, to sleep;  
To sleep: perchance to dream: ay, there's the rub;  
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come  
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,  
Must give us pause: there's the respect  
That makes calamity of so long life;

For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,  
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,  
The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,  
The insolence of office and the spurs  
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,  
When he himself might his quietus make  
With a bare bodkin? who would fardels bear,  
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,  
But that the dread of something after death,  
The undiscover'd country from whose bourn  
No traveller returns, puzzles the will  
And makes us rather bear those ills we have  
Than fly to others that we know not of?  
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;

—Act III, Scene I.

Space forbids mention of the thousand utterances of this the greatest literary genius that ever sprang from the womb of time. Richard III, referred to as—

"That fiend in human shape, striding with savage impetuosity, from murder to murder, wading through falsehood and hypocrisy to ever-new atrocities, becoming in turn, regicide, fratricide, tyrant, murderer of his wife and of his comrades, until, besmirched with treachery and slaughter, he faces his foes with invincible greatness,"

is the centerpiece of a great drama, through which action runs with the swiftness of a Magora, and yet many best remember of this great tragedy these lines:

"I think there be six Richmonds in the field;  
Five have I slain today instead of him,  
A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!"

*Macbeth*, written 1605-6, is one of the supreme Shakespearean tragedies. It is the story of the killing of a king who was likewise a guest. It is a tale of ambition, more so the ambition of a woman, Lady Macbeth. We must with reluctance pass by much of the playwright's greatest work without even bare mention of his best known characters, closing with Falstaff, who was known as "The wine-god of Merrie England at the meeting of the Centuries" and of whom Georg Brandes, the Danish critic, said:

"He is old and youthful, corrupt and harmless, cowardly and daring, a knave without malice, a liar without deceit; and a knight, a gentleman and a soldier, without either dignity, decency or honor."

Who other than Shakespeare could raise out of the mist of imagery a flesh and blood character such as this description fits? Cardinal Wolsey's farewell, the culmination of a career which embraced the betrayal of the Duke of Buckingham, the breaking of the power of his Queen and the ruling of England, represents an utterance of the utmost poignancy. Stripped of power, goods, land, tenements and the "Great Seal," broken in health, this merciless slave to ambition reached the climax of his greatness in his acceptance of defeat.

## WOLSEY'S FAREWELL

So farewell to the little good you bear me.  
Farewell! a long farewell, to all my greatness!  
This is the state of man: to-day he puts forth  
The tender leaves of hopes; to-morrow blossoms,  
And bears his blushing honors thick upon him;  
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,  
And, when he thinks, good easy man, full surely  
His greatness is a-ripening, nips his root,  
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventured,  
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,  
This many summers in a sea of glory,  
But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride  
At length broke under me and now has left me,  
Weary and old with service, to the merey  
Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.  
Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye:  
I feel my heart new open'd. O, how wretched  
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favors!  
There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,  
That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,  
More pangs and fears than wars or women have:  
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,  
Never to hope again.

\* \* \* \* \*

Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear  
In all my miseries; but thou hast forced me,  
Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.  
Let's dry our eyes: and thus far hear me, Cromwell;

And, when I am forgotten, as I shall be,  
And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention  
Of me more must be heard of, say, I taught thee,  
Say, Wolsey, that once trod the ways of glory,  
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honor,  
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in;  
A sure and safe one, though thy master miss'd it.  
Mark but my fall, and that that ruin'd me.  
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition:  
By that sin fell the angels; how can man, then,  
The image of his Maker, hope to win by it?  
Love thyself last: cherish those hearts that hate thee;  
Corruption wins not more than honesty.  
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,  
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not;  
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,  
Thy God's, and truth's; then if thou fall'st, O  
Cromwell,  
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr! Serve the king;  
And,—prithce, lead me in:  
There take an inventory of all I have,  
To the last penny; 'tis the king's: my robe,  
And my integrity to heaven, is all  
I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Cromwell!  
Had I but served my God with half the zeal  
I served my king, He would not in mine age  
Have left me naked to mine enemies.

King Henry VIII—Act III, Scene I.

Some years before his death Shakespeare returned to Stratford, buying in 1597 a new home, where he sat by the death-bed of his only son, Hamnet. In 1601, his father died and the poet and playwright himself answered the final "call" on April 23, 1616, aged fifty-two years; his wife and his two daughters, Susanna and Judith, surviving. His widow lived on for seven years, dying February 8, 1623, and tradition says: "She earnestly desired to be laid in the same grave with her husband," but fate willed that she rest a few feet outside the chancel of the parish church, then the legal place of interment "of the owners of the tithes." Shakespeare's grave is covered with a stone bearing the inscription:

"Good frend, for Jesus sake forbear  
To digg the dust enclosed here:  
Blest be the man that spares thes stones,  
And curst be he that moves my bones."

What a glorious galaxy of names were those who through the centuries enacted Shakespeare's tragedies and romances. Kean, Betterton, Garrick, Kemble, Booth, Siddons, Forbes-Robertson, Sir Henry Irving, Bernhardt, Sothorn and Marlowe, Salvini, Mantell, Warfield and many, many others of great repute. The world's scholars have read, studied and interpreted Shakespeare's plays for upwards of three centuries, ever and always finding within them an inexhaustible mine, a mine containing all the metals, base and precious, all the diamonds, rubies, sapphires and other rare, sparkling and iridescent gems which ever fell from the lips of man—the exhaustion of one lead, vein or fissure no more anticipated than the student finds himself surrounded by richer and rarer wealth—and so on to the end; the genius of Shakespeare, born of John Shakespeare, Yeoman, and Mary Arden, (she of the beautiful name, who could neither read nor write) carrying him now to the tops of mountains so high that their heads are lost in the clouds, and now to depths ahysmal, depths which are too immeasurable to plumb. Next to the Bible, the work of England's great poet and playwright ranks highest in the esteem of men, regardless of race or tongue.

## An Easter Hymn

Their notes let all things blend;  
The day of resurrection,  
Earth, tell it out abroad,  
The passover of gladness,  
The passover of God,  
From death to life eternal,  
From this world to the sky,  
Our Christ hath brought us over  
With hymns of victory.

Our hearts be pure from evil,  
That we may see aright  
The Lord in rays eternal  
Of resurrection light,

And, list'ning to His accents,  
May hear, so calm and plain,  
His own "All hail!" and, hearing,  
May raise the victor-strain.

Now let the heavens be joyful,  
Let earth her song begin,  
Let the round world keep triumph  
And all that is therein,  
Invisible and visible,  
Their notes let all things blend;  
For Christ the Lord hath risen,  
Our joy that hath no end.

A-men.

# Organized Girls Camps

By Jessie McDiarmid

"Here's life: a slack rag of canvas 'twixt you and the stars—  
Not penned in a thing four-square and mark, but free  
On your feet, a thumb'd trail-map your guide, world's ahead, God above;  
For companions, the seasons; for events, the blue birds, the magpies,  
Butterflies, columbines, all the myriad throng of the woods folk  
You find. That, I say, is to live."

THE very first organized Camp I ever attended was situated about sixty miles from my home city. It was a children's camp and the women who conducted it came to the school I was attending to find someone to teach swimming. I was asked to go and eagerly accepted the invitation. We took the train for the sixty-mile ride to the lake shore and found the camp, a huge bungalow with four dormitories upstairs and living and dining rooms downstairs, built right on the edge of a quiet sheltered cove of the lake. I shall never forget it. My joy in my task! To be called an officer when I was only a school girl! The daily routine of worthwhile things! The opportunity to study birds and flowers under capable instructors! The camp spirit—the camp history which was readable everywhere about! Here on this ledge were a pile of shells that someone had found the year before, had meant to take home and had forgotten. Here two huge branches with abandoned bird nests



KITCHEN POLICE

Pictures taken at last year's Girl Scout Camp at New Fork Lake.



INSPECTION

someone else had found. Here were two friends whose friendship had begun the year before and was a beautiful thing. Here was a little girl who had only this year been permitted to

come, but who knew about every path from her older sister, a camper for two years past.

The next year I was a delegate to a Student Conference Camp, and here again the camp spirit and history were the things that gripped my imagination and which have stayed in my memory. This same summer I went to help at an organized camp for girls. Someone once called the River Thames "liquid living history" in my hearing, and that's what I should like to call that girls' camp—living, breathing, friendly, gripping, historical testimony to the worthwhileness of the lessons taught and the unequalled fun of "playing the game." One corner of the dining room, which had one wall of boards and three of wire netting, fascinated me. A girl artist had illustrated on the rough boards the camp's activities several years previous, and each year the pictured story had been added to. It was a charming story. The favorite songs and jingles, the games, dress and yearly customs, the by-words and coined phrases, the achievements of honor campers, the camp ideas and ideals were all pictured there. The stories were told and retold and made the camp history. It needed not a heart of finely tuned sympathy to appreciate what it all had meant to the history makers as they visited each year. Someone had written on one end:

"Teach me, Father, how to go  
Softly as the grasses grow;  
Hush my soul to meet the shock  
Of the wild world as a rock;  
But my spirit, propt with power,  
Make as simple as a flower.

Let the dry heart fill its cup,  
Like a poppy looking up;  
Let life lightly wear her crown  
Like a poppy looking down,  
When its heart is filled with dew  
And its life begins anew."

(Continued on page 19)

# A Plea for a Permanent Scout Camp

By F. B. McVicar,  
Scoutmaster, Rock Springs

HAVING had two years of summer camping, two weeks each summer, for Boy Scouts with what might be termed a temporary camp, I realize that the time is now here when this district should make plans for a permanent camp.

Other cities, smaller than ours, and with less resources have established permanent Boy Scout Camps that are a proved success. Rock Springs has no green grass, no trees, water or flowers. Is it fair to any boy that he grow to manhood without contact with the sort of life that a camp affords?

To establish a Scout Camp as we have had it at New Fork Lake the first thing to be considered is, of course, location; a lake side is the most suitable place, for there you have the advantage of boating, swimming, fishing and other water sports. Next in line comes equipment and supplies. Good tents are

essential and good eats more so. Give a boy plenty of good wholesome food, a clean dry place to sleep and he will enjoy living the outdoor life whether he has anything else or not.

Transportation has to be considered but it is a detail in this day of the automobile. On arrival at the lake for a two weeks' stay a suitable camp site is chosen with due regard to drainage. Not even the

most ardent out-of-doors person would enjoy waking at night to find himself floating down a hillside or in the center of a rain-made lake. A good load of hay is at hand and the boys, after being assigned to their tents, get great arms full of this, mix it with pine boughs, and make themselves a wonderful bed.

The camp stove is next put up and brought into action and the first meal is under way—a meal consisting of, perhaps, a good stew, beans, bread and butter, jam, cookies and coco. In the meantime the boys have been busy, for a boy always has many things to do when fixing up his place. He does this all on his own and in his own way if given a chance. I, personally, never could think up the inventions he uses nor build them either. Next the call for "chow" is given and hungry boys make a rush for the mess line. After the meal, formation is called and the camp rules, restrictions and regulations are given out. Then the camp fire is lighted and everyone gathers around for an hour of stories, songs and fun. But the end of a day so filled with excitement brings sleep early and easy—everyone makes for bed. Soon the splash of the waves and the wind whispering in the trees are the only sounds to be heard. This brings the end of the first day—it is to be followed by many others just as full of fun and action. In the days that follow we fish, swim, go boating and play every game we know of, as well as many we invent as we go along. If you can find a description of "goof ped" anywhere I'd like to have it. Ask any boy who was in camp last year if he knows it and if it was popular. A field day and a water meet filled two days. They were full of hard clean competition. Win if you can, but no hard feelings if you lose!

I have tried to give a clear if incomplete description of a boy's camp. Is not this worth while? Ought it not to be made a permanent thing—a place for our boys to call their own, to help build and to go back to each year—every year?



F. B. McVicar, Scoutmaster,  
Rock Springs.



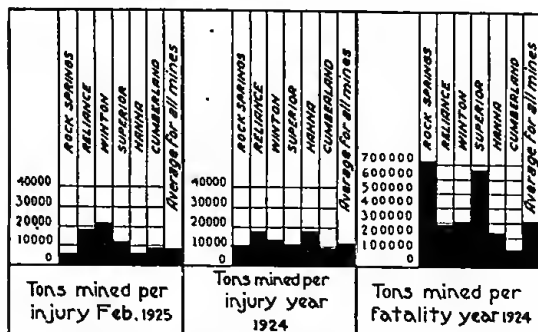
Swimming hour at the Boy Scout Camp, New Fork Lake, July, 1924.



# Make It Safe



## Graphical Injury Story



A CAREFUL comparison of the accident graph with that of January, 1925, shows a decided increase of accidents during the present month. This is in part due to the decrease in tonnage over the preceding month with an increase of three injuries. Superior, Reliance and Winton each show a gratifying increase in tons produced per injury, while the other three report decided decreases, with the result that the average for all mines is 2,500 tons less than for January.

There were no fatalities and of the 23 injuries reported, none are of a serious nature or liable to keep the injured man from his employment more than a few days.

Again, the accidents due to haulage have increased, the majority of which, although not exactly due to carelessness, required just a little more thought to have prevented them. Spragging wheels and slight squeezes account for most of these injuries.

Set all props with proper clearance from rail; in spragging grasp sprag well up toward end; and in handling cars always work from the wide side. If these things are done, injuries will show a large decrease.

## February Accidents

**Driver**—Was coupling loaded cars, with hand on one car when other car bumped, catching arm and spraining wrist.

**Miner**—Was loading coal from end of pillar near cave, when a piece of rock fell from cave, striking him on head and leg, causing scalp wound and bruise on right knee.

**Rope-runner**—Was re-railing car, using hoist, when the car struck a tie, causing tie to fly up, striking hand.

**Driver**—Was switching car in a room in which there is a slight grade on switch. He attempted to place block under wheel of car, being caught between car and rib.

**Miner**—As motor started pulling trip out of entry, he noticed a block under wheel on low side. He ran around car and as he attempted to remove block car derailed, squeezing him between car and rib, bruising left arm.

**Miner**—Was firing a shot in rock in manway and had strung cable to a small man hole about 30 feet

distant. When shot exploded he was struck in right side by small piece of rock.

**Miner**—As driver was snubbing car to face of room, mule turned off between props. In assisting driver to get mule back the mule struck forward with front feet, striking miner on ribs and side.

**Machine Boss**—Was dropping trip into entry to change mining machine. He was riding on front end of trip, and as trip bumped into empty trip standing on parting his foot was caught between bumper and link, causing a fracture of toe.

**Miner**—Was pulling down loose coal. A piece fell, injuring great toe.

**Driver**—Was landing loaded trip on parting. When he attempted to unfasten tail chain his finger was caught between hook on chain and pin.

**Loader**—Was dropping a car down room. While attempting to release sprags his arm was caught between a prop and sprag.

**Machine man**—Was blocking the machine. His hand was caught between wheel and block, severely bruising his hand.

**Loader**—Was spragging car and caught hand between sprag and wheel.

**Miner**—Was working under a loose piece of rock. He had previously attempted to take it down and had started to load a car when it fell. A lacerated scalp, thigh and leg injury resulted.

**Miner**—Was loading a car. A piece of coal fell from roof, lacerating scalp.

## The Detection of Carbon Monoxide

WHEN the breath-stilling report is broadcasted that a disaster has occurred in a nearby colliery, automatically one first thinks of the number of men entombed, their condition and the possibilities of their being rescued alive. All other considerations are then secondary to the formation, equipping and entrance of the rescue party.

In the equipment of the rescue party of primary importance is the oxygen breathing apparatus. This apparatus permits the wearer to receive a plentiful supply of pure oxygen, independent of any outside source of supply, and, when in the hands of trained and experienced users, permits the user to live in an atmosphere so polluted by noxious gases that no life could exist without it.

The oxygen breathing apparatus, however, has definite time limits, owing to the limited supply of compressed oxygen contained in the tanks. This time limit is usually about two hours of usefulness, after which the supply must be replenished or a fresh air base reached.

This apparatus is heavy and cumbersome, and the rate of travel is necessarily slow; it is therefore essential that every precious moment be made to count.

The usual procedure is for the rescue party to penetrate the workings as far as the air is fresh with apparatus worn and in readiness, but not in actual use. As soon as poisonous gases are encountered the apparatus is made ready, and further progress is made by means of the life giving oxygen carried in the tanks upon the wearer's back.



The detection of the point at which the fresh air from the surface ceases and where the breathing apparatus must be used is a delicate thing. As nearly all practical miners know, if there is an appreciable content of black-damp (carbon dioxide) or fire-damp (methane) in the atmosphere it can be detected in the flame safety lamp, but there may be sufficient white damp (carbon monoxide) to be fatal to human life and yet be undetected in the safety lamp. White damp is the most insidious of all gases encountered in exploration work. It is colorless, odorless and tasteless, and while giving no indication of its presence in the safety lamp, the atmosphere may contain a percentage sufficient to strike one down without warning.

It is here that the little, yellow song canary becomes a scientist and an aid to mankind. As would be natural to be supposed, their delicate little body organs are much more susceptible to carbon monoxide than those of men, and they react quickly to low percentages to which men may be exposed over considerable periods without serious effects.

The Bureau of Mines has made exhaustive tests and studies of these little songsters and find they react more quickly to white damp or carbon monoxide than any other of the smaller available animals such as mice, chickens, sparrows, cats or small dogs. While mice are ranked second in the list of susceptibility and may be used in an emergency, they are not as dependable. With the limited light in which a rescue party must work, it is much harder to determine whether the mice are actually reacting to poisonous gases or merely sluggish in their movements and crouching in the cage. The canaries are much easier to watch and study. The first indications are the uncertain swaying of the bird on its perch and if exposed over a longer time they collapse and fall to the bottom of the cage. The symptoms are unmistakable. If a bird has collapsed it is removed to good air and revives in from five to ten minutes with no ill effect. It can be used again and again with apparently no tendency to immunization or rendering it less sensitive to the noxious gases.

At present scores of these birds are used by the Bureau of Mines, and no rescue car or station is considered fully equipped without its complement of canaries.

Many of these birds have been used by the Bureau rescue men over a period of several years, and in innumerable disasters, giving their masters the warnings which saved their lives in many instances.

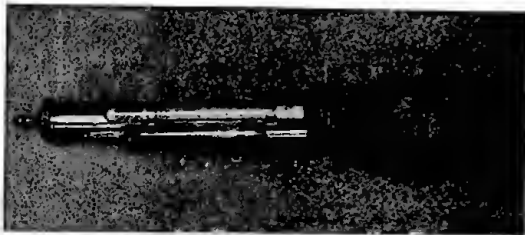
Many operators are now keeping songsters at the mines, where they soon become great pets of their attendants. The Union Pacific Coal Company has recently purchased several birds, which have been placed at their various camps, ready in an emergency placed at their various camps, ready in an emergency to do their little bit in a great humanitarian movement.

The physiological reaction of white damp is different on different birds. Some birds will collapse in an atmosphere that apparently has little or no effect on another canary. For this reason it is always advisable to have at least three birds with every party.

Sparrows are very hardy and have almost as much resistance as a man, so it is therefore impractical and dangerous to put too much reliance upon them, although like mice, they can be used in an emergency.

However, even with the use of canaries, the greatest care must be exercised by rescue and exploration parties. The percentage range between an air which causes no reaction on either bird or man, and one with a fatally laden monoxide content for both is so exceedingly small that every action of the canary must be closely watched, and at the first sign of distress a hasty retreat must be made to fresh air, where all further progress must be made with the aid of oxygen breathing apparatus.

There is at present on the market an instrument known as the M-S-A-Carbon monoxide detector. This is a small portable instrument which may be used for the detection of low percentages of monoxide. This



M-S-A Carbon-Monoxide Detector.

instrument consists of a barrel, detector tube and a bulb or pump. The detector tube, a small glass cylinder about 3 inches long by 1/4 inch in diameter, is filled with a highly acidified salt. If monoxide is suspected, air is pumped through the barrel and through the detector tube, and the change in color is noted in the salt. If the air contains carbon monoxide the salt changes rapidly in color, varying from a gray in about .05% to a dark green in atmosphere of 1% or over. Attached and adjacent to the detector tube is a color scale by which comparison with the color of the salt, a very close estimate of the carbon monoxide content can be obtained.

In the hands of experienced operators, it is claimed that very accurate results can be obtained, but to the use of these detectors is the objections that their use is always in insufficient and doubtful light and the human equation in the comparison of colors.

The canary, as a detector, is much more reliable and the symptoms are always unmistakable. They also have the advantage of nearly always being available.

(Continued from page 5)

was received as a "contribution to the collection plate of your last Sunday evening church service."

The studios are on the second floor. The walls and ceilings are covered with a layer of felt over which decorative fabrics have been applied. These are so closely woven that sound waves will be absorbed by the soft material beneath and no echo can reach the microphones. Having two studios there need be no long pause between the numbers of a program. Preparation for each number is completed in one room while a selection is being rendered in the other.

In the furnishings of the studios, the treatment has reproduced the atmosphere of a luxurious home. Soft light enhances the effect of furniture, drapery, and rugs, and unites with their tints to bring repose and inspiration to the performers who play and sing for thousands whom they can never see.



A Yellowstone Park bear, grown tame in response to the kindly treatment accorded him by the Park visitors each summer.

# Engineers' Department

## Real Progress at Cumberland

By A. W. Dickinson

THE young men of Cumberland are not waiting for opportunity to come and lead them to capacities of trust and responsibility, neither are they drifting with the tide, allowing chance to eddy them aside into the backwater, there to stagnate when the high flow of the stream recedes. No! The young men, aided and directed by men of years of experience, are grasping an opportunity for learning and taking time by the forelock in a manner which emphasizes the pride and dignity which is felt by any man who sets forth to perfect himself in his trade.

Mining, as carried on at Cumberland and the other Wyoming coal operations, is a trade requiring each year more and more of the men who follow it by taking on responsible capacities. We must have young men of broad gauge with sufficient training and education to fill the openings as they are needed, and such young men when they go out from Wyoming to secure additional experience to sound them out, need feel no hesitancy in taking their places with the best men that other states develop.

There are two mining classes at Cumberland and they meet two nights of each week. Superintendent George Brown directs the activities of the class at Mine No. 1, and Foreman Lyman Fearn is instructor at Mine No. 2. The work covered is in part the course of study provided by the state and federal vocational training units. A most valuable addition to this study is the practice of arranging papers and lectures by the older men of tried and proved experience in the several branches of mining work. Mine No. 1 Class also exchanges lectures in their special subjects with Mine No. 2 Class, and so the valuable work goes on.

On the night of February 23, 1925, Master Mechanic Chris Johnson of Cumberland, delivered a most able lecture on pumps, hoists and fan engines; all vital equipment in the conduct of mining operations and without knowledge of which no young man can go very far in the handling of mining properties. Mr. Johnson, painstaking student of his trade, has lived for years in close association with the pumps, hoists and fan engines which he made the subject of his lecture. At the blackboard, chalk in hand, stood this graduate of hundreds of night shifts and long weary battles with wrecked or refractory equipment sketching and explaining and giving freely of dearly earned knowledge of his trade.

On March 2nd, Evan J. Reese gave a lecture on flame safety lamps of the different types, also electric safety lamps. Much discussion took place on the different types of lamps. There were quite a few men present who had had considerable experiences with different kinds of safety lamps and who enumerated the points of difference in the various lamps. This discussion was beneficial to all present. Mr. Reese deserves credit for the way he handled his subject.

On March 9th, John Campbell gave a lecture on mine fires, which I understand brought out quite a lot of discussion on the subject of this danger to mining men. Many of the men present had had considerable experience in fighting and handling fires. Great credit is due to Mr. Campbell for the manner in which his subject was handled.

On March 4th, Mr. Chris Johnson gave his lecture on pumps and hoists at No. 2 camp.

Subjects along the same lines are taken up at both classes with an average attendance of fifty. The interest displayed by those who attend shows that they are getting some place.

Ere twenty years have passed many young men of today, by then grown gray in the service, will look back and thank men like George Blacker, Chris Johnson, Lyman Fearn and George A. Brown for the work which they did in the winter evenings at Old Cumberland.

## Oxy-Acetylene Welding and Cutting

By Arthur Henckell

THE welding and cutting of metals by a flame produced from a combination of gases is relatively a new art. It is accomplished by a combination of acetylene gas and pure oxygen, which, when lighted, produces a flame of very high temperature.

The acetylene gas is produced by adding water to calcium carbide, a product which was accidentally discovered by Thomas L. Willson, an electrical engineer, in the year 1892. He was attempting to produce metallic calcium with the use of an electrical furnace operating on a mixture of coal tar and lime. In taking off a test sample from his furnace and plunging it into water, he noted that a large volume of gas was given off which had a strong odor and was inflammable. A sample was sent to a laboratory for analysis and he was informed that the result of his experiment was calcium carbide, formed by fusing lime and carbon at a temperature exceeding 6,000 degrees Fahrenheit. Calcium carbide is a gray stone-like substance and is furnished in sizes to suit the generator in which it is to be used. The first factory for the manufacture of carbide was built in 1895 and for a number of years, acetylene was used only for lighting purposes.

There are several types of generators, in some of which the gas is generated by feeding the carbide to the water and in others the water is fed to the carbide, generating the gas and leaving a residue which is nothing more than slaked lime. The pressure in these generators is regulated by mechanisms which control the feed of carbide or water and ranges from four ounces in the low pressure type to twelve or fifteen pounds in the high pressure types. This gas is not considered safe at pressures above fifteen pounds as there is danger of self-ignition if taken to a much higher pressure.

Acetylene gas can, however, be obtained commercially in steel cylinders which show a pressure of 250 pounds per square inch. The liberated gas in these cylinders is in such small quantity that it is not considered dangerous. The cylinders are filled with absorbent asbestos which is saturated with a liquid called acetone. This liquid will dissolve twenty-four times its own bulk of acetylene for each fifteen pounds increase of pressure, and the tanks as furnished usually contain 250 cubic feet of the gas.

As the pressure in these tanks drops, due to the gas being used, the supply is maintained by the gas being released by the acetone until the tank is emptied. In

making large welds, two or more of these cylinders are usually coupled together by a manifold to prevent the acetone being drawn from the tank by the high discharge rate which would occur if all the gas were drawn from one cylinder.

The oxygen used is obtained from the atmosphere by several different methods, the one most used being that of compressing the air to approximately 3,000 pounds per square inch and maintaining a very low temperature. Allowing the air to escape through a small valve causes it to liquefy, and as it sprays onto the plates of the machine, the nitrogen, which becomes a gas at a point twenty degrees below that of oxygen, is allowed to escape. The liquid oxygen runs over these plates into a container below and is then returned to its gaseous state and stored in large tanks from which it is pumped into steel cylinders which are furnished commercially with a pressure of 1,800 to 2,000 pounds per square inch. Each cylinder contains approximately 250 cubic feet.

The acetylene gas, when burned alone, burns with a yellowish flame and gives off considerable soot, but when combined with pure oxygen in the proper proportion, it burns with an almost colorless flame and has a temperature of 6,300 degrees Fahrenheit, which is enough to easily melt any of the metals.

Both gases as furnished in the commercial containers are at a higher pressure than that at which they are used, and a reducing apparatus having a high and a low pressure gauge is used with each container. A table of proper pressures for use in different thicknesses of metals is furnished by different manufacturers of welding apparatus, and the first step in welding after connecting the hose and torch is to adjust the pressure suitably for the work to be performed. The hose used is usually of two different colors, so they may be easily distinguished, a high pressure hose, red in color, is used with the oxygen and a low pressure black hose is used with the acetylene.

The two gases are mixed at the base of the torch tip. In preparing to light the torch, the oxygen valve is usually opened a trifle allowing a slight amount of oxygen to escape, whereupon the acetylene is turned on, and with a low pressure outfit the valve is opened wide and after the torch is lighted the adjustment to a neutral flame is made by opening the oxygen valve. Before the oxygen valve has been opened to its proper position, a large open flame is all that is noticed, but as the valve is opened slowly two smaller cones appear, the larger of the two falling away very noticeably as the oxygen valve is opened, and at the neutral point the two cones have just merged.

A neutral flame is one having neither an excess of acetylene nor of oxygen, and is readily found by manipulating either valve. The flame can be eye-tested at any time with either valve, if the acetylene valve is opened or the pressure increased the two cones will appear. If the oxygen valve be closed a trifle the two cones will appear and are easily merged by opening the oxygen valve or closing the acetylene valve a trifle. The appearance of two cones always denotes an excess of acetylene while a short, pointed, brushy flame denotes an excess of oxygen. A neutral flame is used in nearly all welding operations and gives off the highest temperature obtainable with the torch. An excess of acetylene will carbonize the weld while an excess of oxygen will oxidize or burn it. A slight excess of acetylene is used in welding aluminum and also in some classes of brazing.

## A Twelve Mile Shaft

Sir Charles Parsons of England proposes sinking a shaft twelve miles deep "to see what's deeper" and to determine the rate of increase in earth temperature. Coal mining men who have had experience in mining coal at depths of 2,000 to 3,000 feet have honest doubts as to the success of the venture.

## Efficiency in Blasting

*By a Shot Firer*

IN the march of progress toward safety, efficiency and economy in the coal mining industry, the blasting of coal must be given much consideration.

In some of our coal fields the expense and results from blasting do not give us much concern, while in others it is of great importance.

In coal seams having a well defined parting of the roof and undercut with machines or by hand, the problem of blasting safely, efficiently and economically, is not a serious one. In large seams, such as in the Hanna field, where there are no partings to shoot to, the matter of drilling and blasting safely and economically is quite a problem. One can readily understand that with a well defined parting at the roof and the coal undercut, that it will require only half the number of holes and one-half the amount of explosives to bring down the coal that it will require in a face of the same height and width, where there is no roof parting.

Owing to the ever increasing demand for a larger percentage of lump coal, as well as a decrease in the cost per ton for explosives, Explosives Engineers have been conducting experiments, and have demonstrated that cushioned blasting has its advantages, in that it reduces the amount of explosives required and increases the percentage of lump coal.

There are two ways in which the desired cushioned effect may be obtained, viz., rock dust stemming, and air spacing.

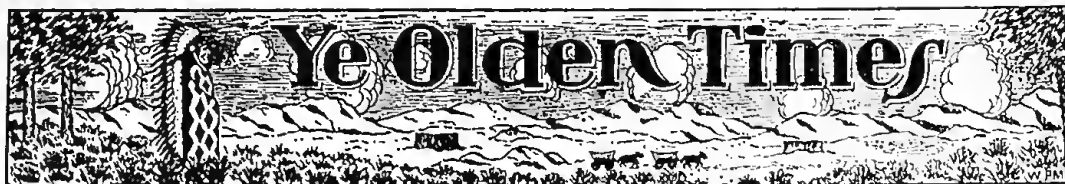
An article by Doctor Alfred Stettbacher, of Zurich, Switzerland, in the September 1923, issue of "The Explosives Engineer," describes a special arrangement of rock dust stemming introduced in the coal mines of the Ruhr district of Germany since the war, by which it is claimed the percentage of lump coal has been increased as high as fifty per cent, with a reduction in explosive consumption of from twenty to forty per cent.

Former methods of obtaining the cushioned effect by air spacing have involved refinements in tamping the charge which are difficult to carry out in actual practice. With rock dust as stemming, the maximum cushioned effect is secured and the tamping is even simpler than the present practice. The procedure, in brief, consists of placing one or more dummy cartridges of finely ground rock dust in the hole after the explosive charge has been loaded. The explosive cartridges are not to be slit or tamped, and the long cartridges of rock dust stemming are merely pushed into the hole without tamping.

It is claimed that the explosion compresses the rock dust, and wedges it at the mouth of the hole so that none of the gases can escape until they have done their work in bringing down the coal. If by any chance a blown out shot occurs the rock dust stemming helps to quench the flame. It is therefore a safety precaution, as clay, though not a menace, has no flame quenching properties on account of its coarse and plastic nature. The compression of the rock dust stemming by forming a long pressure chamber, provides a greater area against which the gases can expand.

It is also claimed that with the cushioned rock dust method the desirable spreading effect, heretofore considered attainable only with black powder, can be obtained with permissible explosives, and that black powder, when cushioned with rock dust stemming, gives better results than when tamped in the usual manner.

It would seem that mines that can procure rock dust, fifty per cent of which will pass through a 200-mesh screen, would do well to use it for stemming purposes, as by so doing they would not only get better results from the explosive, but they would also provide a commendable safety feature, as the rock dust floating in the air current and mixing with the coal dust after the shots had been fired would greatly lessen the dangers of underground explosions.



### Dougal McWilliams

THE death of Dougal McWilliams, which occurred at the Wyoming General Hospital February 14, 1925, removed one of the old time members of The Union Pacific Coal Company family. Mr. McWilliams was born in Scotland in 1864. Coming to America about 35 years ago he located in Rock Springs and started to work for The Union Pacific Coal Company in Rock Springs, Wyoming. With the exception of a few brief intervals, he has worked the greater part of his life for this company.

Mr. McWilliams has held several responsible positions with the company, having been Mine Foreman at Cumberland, where he resided 12 years, and Mine Foreman at Reliance, where he resided 5 years. At the time of his death he was Night Foreman at Reliance.



Another Old Timer Gone.  
Dougal McWilliams, born in Scotland, 1864; died at Rock Springs, Wyoming, February 14, 1925.

Mr. McWilliams was an active member of The Latter Day Saints Church and was Superintendent of the Sunday School at the time of his death.

By the death of Mr. McWilliams the community has lost a very good citizen, and the family a loving husband and kind father. He was always willing to help in everything that was being done for the good of the community.

He is survived by his wife, two sons and five daughters, ten grandchildren and one brother. The funeral service, held February 18th at the Latter Day Saints Church in Rock Springs, was largely attended by old friends who mourn his passing.

### Peter Boam, Sr.



Peter Boam, Sr., Cumberland.

PETER BOAM was born at Somer, Cotes Derbyshire, England, on November 9, 1858. He came to this country in 1877 and went to work for The Union Pacific Coal Company in Abney. He stayed there until Abney Camp was closed and then went to Spring Valley, where he was night boss, night watchman and, later, mail carrier.

Mr. Boam went to Cumberland in 1905, being the first night watchman the Cumberland Camp had. He is now employed in the charging station at No. 2 Camp and has been in the employ of the Company for forty-eight years. He was married, in 1881, to Euphemia May Hunter of Ogden, is the father of eleven children and has twenty grandchildren.

### George Fitchett

GEORGE FITCHETT was born in England in 1867, came to America in 1888 and located in Rock Springs, where he started to work for The Union Pacific Coal Company in that year and has been in their employ continuously since that time, with the exception of about six months when he started in the business of raising chickens at the chicken ranch south of Rock Springs.



George Fitchett, Reliance.

In the year 1899 he took a trip to his old home in England, but soon returned to the land of his adoption.

Mr. Fitchett has held many responsible positions with The Union Pacific Coal Company; he was Assistant Foreman in No. 8 mine at Rock Springs, Assistant Foreman in Reliance, Mine Foreman of No. 3 and No. 4 Mine in Reliance and Mine Foreman of C mine in Superior. Mr. Fitchett is at present Assistant Foreman at Reliance, Wyoming.

When No. 8 Mine in Rock Springs was opened Mr. Fitchett helped to load the first car of coal that was loaded at the bottom of the shaft. The First Aid movement has always had a staunch supporter in Mr. Fitchett, who has taken an active part in any con-

test or program that was being given by this organization. He is quite famous as an entertainer at the local entertainments, his favorite songs are "Better than Gold," "Do Leave Me, Harry," and "Coppers Will Turn to Silver."

Any one who has ever had the good fortune to be present at one of these entertainments where Mr. Fitchett was on the lunch committee has no doubt had some of his famous Pork Pies. In the summer evenings it is a familiar sight to see Mr. Fitchett and his dog taking a walk after supper.

(Continued from page 12)

And all that was in flat, not mountainous country as we have it here. Surely we of Wyoming are blessed with the natural surroundings for the best possible kind of camping. Perhaps John Muir wrote of our Wyoming country when he said:

"We are now in the mountains and they are in us, kindling enthusiasm, making every nerve quiver, filling every pore and cell of us. Our flesh-and-bone tabernacle seems transparent as glass to the beauty about us, as if truly an inseparable part of it, thrilling with the air and trees, streams and rocks, in the waves of the sun—a part of all nature, neither old nor young, sick nor well, but immortal."

And, since spirit is a cumulative thing, not any group ought to maintain a more wonderful camp spirit than Girl Scouts who carry the scout spirit through the whole year.

A permanent camp site is a tremendous asset from the standpoint of convenience, too. Some sort of a cook-shed is a necessity, and in it may be left the major portion of the kitchen equipment—a much to be considered advantage here where the distance from the railway to the lake district is so great.

Camping for girls has been made the subject of much study by the National American Girl Scouts. Camping plans and programs have been gathered from many other countries. A representative of the English Girl Guides has conducted a laboratory camp for us for two years; "Cookie," the Guide, presides over it. Camp reports are obtained from all the organized Girl Scout camps throughout the country each year, are studied by a thoughtful, eagerly-seeking committee whose findings are then sent to the next year's camp directors.

There are, of course, as many kinds of camps as there are camps at all, but the two main types of large organized camps are, first, the troop or patrol camp, where each small group has its own cooking and camp equipment, does its own cooking and lives with its own group, joining the other troops or patrols at Colors, Bon-Fire, and perhaps for some study periods. This kind of camp necessitates complete cooking equipment in each group and an experienced camp officer in each group. The other type of camp is the sort we had at New Fork Lake last year when the scouts had their sleeping tents by troops, maintained their own discipline through their patrol leaders and took their turn at kitchen police and entertainment, but where there was a common kitchen and dining room and one general program. For a camp as large as we had, and for girls who only have two weeks to be in the woods, the kind arranged by our Girl Scout Council last year is the one most recommended. Certainly those of us who were a part of it are all ready to go back again. Our winter song is:

"Keep the Scout work going  
While the year is growing  
Winter's cold and dreary but will soon pass by!  
We can all remember  
Through the long December  
Camps and hikes and swims and sports in the  
warm July."



#### In Reply

A young man with a pretty but notoriously flirtatious fiancée wrote to a supposed rival: "I've been told that you have been seen kissing my girl. Come to my office at 11 on Friday. I want to have this matter out." The rival answered, "I've received a copy of your circular letter, and will be present at the meeting."—Argonaut, San Francisco.

#### Bills! Bills! Bills!

"Well, did you collect that bill from the Scatterbys?"

"No, sir," said the old collector, "I saw a piece of crepe on their door, and I didn't want to intrude on their grief."

"You go right back there and get the money. Those people hang a piece of crepe on the door the first of each month."—The H. & B. Bulletin.

#### A Fare Bargain

Mrs. Kriss: "What is it, Willie?"

Willie: "When we ride in the cars today, if I tell the conductor that I am under twelve, can I be old enough to go to the movies alone after supper?"

—American Legion Weekly.

#### Beneficial

M. D.: "I advised you to drink cider. Has it done you any good?"

Victim: "It sure has. I bought a cask of the hard kind and a week ago I could hardly move it. Now, however, I can lift it quite easily."

—American Legion Weekly.

#### Miss Agnes Laut on Ideals

Miss Agnes Laut has been telling us that "what we want to do is to get hold of ideals high and worth while and stick our teeth into them, while standing solidly on our feet." That's a nice way to treat ideals; go biting them.—Calgary Herald.

#### Essential

Publisher: "But what makes you think you can write popular songs?"

Embryo Lyrist: "Oh, you don't know what silly ideas I have!"

#### A Joke from Across the Atlantic

A man in New York has just come back after forty years and claimed his wife. The report does not state whether he managed to match the ribbon or not.—London Punch.

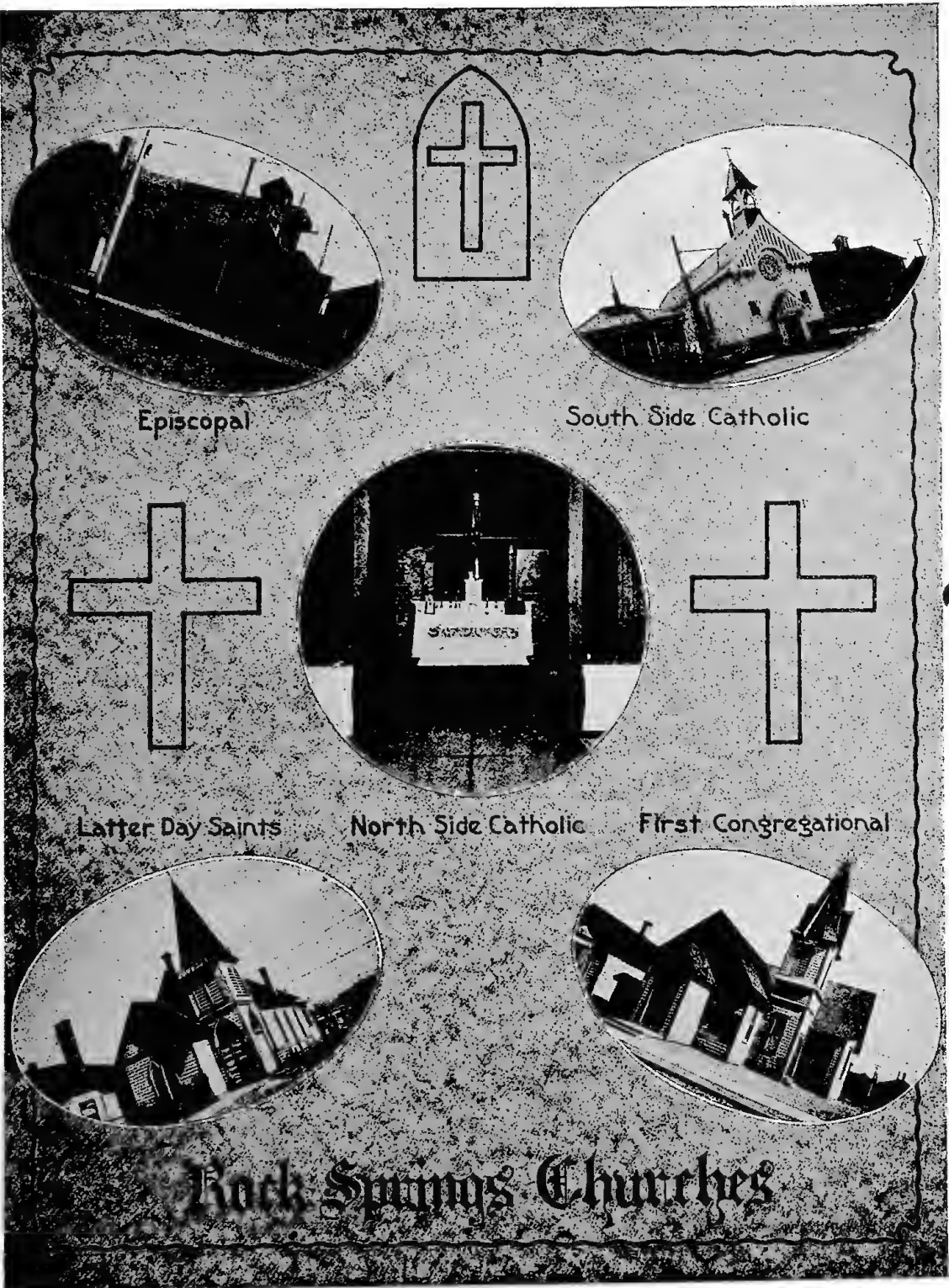
#### Too Cold for Monkeys

An auto tourist was traveling through the great Northwest, when he met with a slight accident to his machine. In some way he had mislaid his monkey-wrench, so he stopped at a nearby farmhouse where the following conversation took place between himself and the Swedo farmer:

"Have you a monkey-wrench here?"

"Naw; my brother he got cattle ranch over there; my cousin he got a sheep ranch further down this road, but too dam cold here for monkey-wrench."

—Science and Invention Magazine.



Episcopal

South Side Catholic

Latter Day Saints

North Side Catholic

First Congregational

# Rock Springs Churches





Methodist Episcopal

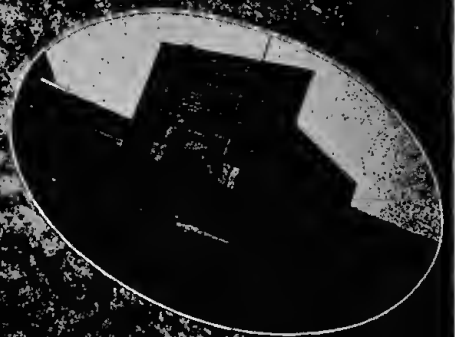


First Baptist

# ROCK CHURCHES SPRINGS



Second Baptist



Third Baptist



## With the Women's Organizations

### Winton:

Mrs. Ole Odce, President of the Woman's Club, and Mrs. Van Housen were the committee on arrangements for the February Well-Baby Clinic. Doctor Wm. Cody examined the children and Mrs. Glasgow was assisted by Miss Nichols, pupil at the Wyoming General Hospital. The following children attended the clinic: Geraldine Osthers, Lavone Kaul, Opal Odce, Catherine Odce, Evelyn Neal, Carl Perko, Rebecca Slaughter, Evelyn M. Halliday, Myrtle Henderson, Dorothy Henderson, Catherine Ream, Caroline Daldos, Antone Ironquiet, William Ream.

The newly elected Woman's Club Officers are to be congratulated on the start they have made and the club on its choice of officers. Mrs. Ole Odce doesn't look back when she once puts her hand to the plow.

### Cumberland.

Miss Bernice Stookey, home demonstration agent for Lincoln County, visited the Cumberland Women for a two days' demonstration on the making of "dress forms." Miss Stookey belongs to the Extension Department of the State University, and the Cumberland Women are very much enthused over her helpful visit. Mesdames Lyman Fearn and Bert Williams attended meetings in Kemmerer to complete the making of their "dress forms."

### Superior:

The Superior Woman's Guild is sponsoring the Girl Scout Troop, and is helping Mrs. M. Glasgow and School Nurse Cahill plan for a monthly Well-Baby Clinic.

### Reliance:

The Reliance Woman's Club entertained members of the Winton Club and their friends at a St. Patrick's evening. Mesdames J. Rafferty, R. Ebeling, S. Buckles, Chas. Spence, Tom Foster, and W. Telke were the committee in charge. Green Shamrock favors, St. Patrick Tally cards and decorations and waitresses in Shamrock aprons and caps all helped to make Bungalow Hall look like a bit of Ireland. The Girl Scouts helped serve the luncheon. Mrs. A. Theusen won the ladies' first prize and Mrs. R. Preston of Winton the consolation. Mr. Roy Evans won the first prize for gentlemen, and the visitors left only the consolation for Reliance, which was won by Mr. Mike Korogi by going—in the hole. Mr. Charles Spence was the speaker for both visitors and hostesses and carefully lent his ear to first one club President, then the other and his tongue to both—this only, however, until the ladies found their voices when Mrs. Ole Odce, Winton President, apologized for carrying off all the prizes. Mrs. Odce may have to get on a chair in order to be seen but she's right there when it comes to doing, and talking too.

Mrs. G. B. Pryde visited the Reliance Club on the evening of March 3rd at the regular monthly business meeting of the club, to assist the club in organizing for short story study. Thirty-five members were present and very much enjoyed Mrs. Pryde's study of "Gold Mounted Guns," one of the O'Henry memorial prize stories.

Doctor John Fuhrer and Mrs. Glasgow were assisted by Mrs. J. Telke, Mrs. R. Ebeling, and Mrs. S. Buckles, of the Woman's Club at the Reliance Well-

Baby Clinic. Miss Janet Kay, student at Wyoming General Hospital, helped, too. Children attended were: Cassie Harrigan, Opal Law, Eda Telke, Jane Clark, Sophia Orta, Yosida Orjoka, Moshine Yasumura, Shigusa Moshida, Iwa Kilkinney, Esther Law, Dora Telke and Peneko Yoshida.

## Conserving the Eyes

INSTRUCTIONS drafted by the Illuminating Engineering Society of London on conserving the eyesight are worthy of the studios concern of all persons. The instructions follow:

- "Don't work in a flickering light."
- "Don't expose the eyes to unshaded lights in the direct range of vision."
- "Don't judge illuminations by the brightness of the lamps."
- "Avoid excessive contrast."
- "Use the right type of globe, shade or reflector."
- "Make sure the illumination is sufficient."
- "Keep lamps, globes and reflectors clean."
- "Make sure the lamps are in the right position."
- "Light on the subject, not in the eye."

## Expression

WHO has not had the experience of taking pains in writing a letter, so as to make it say just what she meant to say, mailing the letter, feeling that she has succeeded in making her meaning clear—and then learning, after a time, that the letter was taken as meaning something different from what it was intended to mean? Or if one has not had that experience, then she has probably had a similar experience in putting a certain meaning into speech.

At best, words, whether written or spoken, are imperfect vehicles for the conveyance of thought or feeling. There is a proverb which says that actions speak louder than words. And they can communicate thought and feeling more truly and adequately. Without thinking too much about the how or the why, express yourself in acts, when that is possible; and you will find that by some kindly magic what was in your brain and heart has found its way straight to the brain and heart of others. On the other hand, fair words cannot hide unfair thinking, kindly words cannot hide unkind thinking. We can all remember; "what you are talks so loud I cannot hear what you say." One of the most selfish persons I have ever known often talks kindly. Some of the kindest folks I have ever known have been gruff of speech. It is comforting to know that what we are does talk and that we have only to think and do kindly to be understood kindly.

## Life and Death

Life! I know not what thou art,  
But know that thou and I must part;  
And when, or how, or where we meet  
I own to me a secret yet.

Life! We've been long together,  
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather;  
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear;  
Perhaps will cost a sigh, a tear;  
Then steal away, give little warning,  
Choose thine own time;  
Say not "Good Night"—but in some brighter clime,  
Bid me "Good Morning!"

ANNA BARBAULD.

# Girls' Hearthfire Circle

Dear Girl Scouts:

April is to be a most wonderful month for us. Miss Alice Sandiford, National Director of Scouting for this District, is to be with us for a week. She will have many things to tell us about Scouts in other places—about the other units of our sisterhood of girls who wear the tre-foil all over our Land and many other countries as well. Then, too, we are beginning to plan for Camp, for the most glorious time of scouting will soon be here. Several troops have already started a "Go to Camp" fund, and are planning to have every troop member there. Many friends are planning with us about our Camp site, its equipment and its program. We hope we may have a kitchen and some permanent fittings this year. Of course, for sleeping we'll have tents. That "slack rag of canvas 'twixt you and the stars," is what we'll always want, isn't it? But the program will be the very best that we can possibly plan. And I've been thinking of a good turn you may do, you girls who were at Now Fork last year, for the girls who are joining us for the first time this year. Give the new girl the benefit of your experience as to what to take and what not to take. Show her how to make the most of the packing space she has and how to mark her camp silver. I remember a camp we had once. A rainy afternoon came. We gathered in one of the larger tents, one of the officers prepared a blank magazine for each girl and a prize was offered to the girl writing and illustrating the best magazine according to assigned subjects. One magazine department called for answers to the questions: What did you bring you wish you'd left at home and what did you leave at home you wish you'd brought? The girl who won the prize illustrated her's with an oster-moor mattress (she didn't know how to make a camp bed, I'm afraid) a marshmallow toasting fork and a butterfly net—and her Mother! I know the scouts will be glad to learn from you about equipment and packing.

A few days ago someone asked me who were scouts before there were scouts. At first that seemed a funny question, then it appeared a very pertinent one indeed, and I decided to think about the scouts who lived and "played the game" before there were organized girl scouts and to recall them for us. I am sure there are many things we can learn from them. Here is the story of one of them, "Margaret, of New Orleans."

## Margaret of New Orleans

IF YOU ever go to the beautiful city of New Orleans, I somebody will be sure to take you down into the old business part of the city, where there are banks and shops and hotels, and show you a statue which stands in a little square there. It is the statue of a woman, sitting in a low chair, with her arms around a child, who leans against her. The woman is not at all pretty; she wears thick, common shoes, a plain dress, with a little shawl, and a sunbonnet; she is stout and short, and her face is a square-chinned Irish face; but her eyes look at you like your mother's.

Now there is something very surprising about this statue; it was the first one that was ever made in this country in honor of a woman. Even in old Europe there are not many monuments to women, and most of the few are to great queens or princesses, very beautiful and very richly dressed. You see, this statue in New Orleans is not quite like anything else.

It is the statue of a woman named Margaret. Her whole name was Margaret Haughery, but no one in New Orleans remembers her by it, any more than you think of your dearest sister by her full name; she is just Margaret. This is her story, and it tells why people made a monument for her.

When Margaret was a tiny baby, her father and mother died, and she was adopted by two young people as poor and as kind as her own parents. She lived with them until she grew up. Then she married, and had a little baby of her own. But very soon her husband died, and then the baby died, too, and Margaret was all alone in the world. She was poor, but she was strong, and knew how to work.

All day, from morning until evening, she ironed clothes in a laundry. And every day, as she worked by the window, she saw the little motherless children from the orphan asylum, near by, working and playing about. After a while, there came a great sickness upon the city, and so many mothers and fathers died that there were more orphans than the asylum could possibly take care of. They needed a good friend, now. You would hardly think, would you, that a poor woman who worked in a laundry could be much of a friend to them? But Margaret was. She went straight to the kind Sisters who had the asylum and told them she was going to give them part of her wages and was going to work for them, besides. Pretty soon she had worked so hard that she had some money saved from her wages. With this, she bought two cows and a little delivery cart. Then she carried her milk to her customers in the little cart every morning; and as she went, she begged the left-over food from the hotels and rich houses, and brought it back in the cart to the hungry children in the asylum. In the very hardest times that was often all the food the children had.

A part of the money Margaret earned went every week to the asylum, and after a few years that was made very much larger and better. And Margaret was so careful and good at business that, in spite of her giving, she bought more cows and earned more money. With this, she built a home for orphan babies; she called it her baby house.

After a time, Margaret had a chance to get a bakery, and then she became a bread-woman instead of a milk-



The Owlettes join the Superior Girl Scouts in a hike and some of the girls discover a cave on "The top of the world" in which to cook dinner.

woman. She carried the bread just as she had carried the milk, in her cart. And still she kept giving money to the asylum. Then the great war came, our Civil War. In all the trouble and sickness and fear of that time, Margaret drove her cart of bread; and somehow she had always enough to give the starving soldiers, and for her babies, besides what she sold. And despite all this, she earned enough so that when the war was over she built a big steam factory for her bread. By this time everybody in the city knew her. The children all over the city loved her; the business men were proud of her; the poor people all came to her for advice. She used to sit at the open door of her office, in a calico gown and a little shawl, and give a good word to everybody, rich or poor.

Then, by and by, one day, Margaret died. And when it was time to read her will, the people found that, with all her giving, she had still saved a great deal of money, and that she had left every cent of it to the different orphan asylums of the city,—each one of them was given something. Whether they were for white children or black, for Jews, Catholics, or Protestants, made no difference; for Margaret always said, "They are all orphans alike." And just think, girls, that splendid, wise will was signed with a cross instead of a name, for Margaret had never learned to read or write!

When the people of New Orleans knew that Margaret was dead, they said, "She was a mother to the

motherless; she was a friend to those who had no friends; she had wisdom greater than schools can teach; we will not let her memory go from us." So they made a statue of her, just as she used to look, sitting in her own office door, or driving in her own little cart. And there it stands today, in memory of the great love and the great power of plain Margaret Haughery, of New Orleans.

### Porto Rico Girls Change Mantillas for Uniforms

PORTO RICAN girls are shedding their mantillas and full black skirts to don the khaki uniform of the Girl Scouts. As one tenderfoot expressed it, "they may not be as romantic looking in their uniforms but they'll certainly have more freedom!"

Uncle Sam's island girls in Hawaii and the Philippines beat their Porto Rican sisters to it by several years but the enthusiasm of the latter more than makes up for the handicap.

The Porto Rican Girl Scout Council was chartered last month, with Mrs. John A. Hartner of San Juan as commissioner.

### Adjectives Needed

Rustic: "So you're a gentleman farmer?"

Newcomer: "That's what I call myself."

"Well, you'd better be enlarging your vocabulary."



ROCK SPRINGS GIRLS' BASKET BALL TEAM—1925.

Left to Right: Agnes Son, captain-guard; Lillie Berta, sub-forward; Hattie Edom, forward; Louise Page, forward; Vannatta Carr, guard; Lillian Clementsen, guard, center; Ruth Vail, forward; Darel Draney, sub-guard.



### The Jealous Courtiers

I WONDER if you have ever heard the anecdote about the artist of Dusseldorf and the jealous courtiers. This is it. It seems there was once a very famous artist who lived in the little town of Dusseldorf. He did such fine work that the Elector, Prince Johann Wilhelm, ordered a portrait statue of himself, on horseback, to be done in bronze. The artist was overjoyed at the commission, and worked early and late at the statue.

At last the work was done, and the artist had the great statue set up in the public square of Dusseldorf, ready for the opening view. The Elector came on the appointed day, and with him came his favorite courtiers from the castle. Then the statue was unveiled. It was very beautiful—so beautiful that the prince exclaimed in surprise. He could not look enough, and presently he turned to the artist and shook hands with him, like an old friend. "Herr Grupello," he said, "you are a great artist, and this statue will make your fame even greater than it is; the portrait of me is perfect!"

When the courtiers heard this, and saw the friendly hand-grasp, their jealousy of the artist was beyond bounds. Their one thought was, how could they safely do something to humiliate him. They dared not pick flaws in the portrait statue, for the prince had declared it perfect. But at last one of them said, with an air of great frankness, "Indeed, Herr Grupello, the portrait of his Royal Highness is perfect; but permit me to say that the statue of the horse is not quite so successful; the head is too large; it is out of proportion."

"No," said another, "the horse is really not so successful; the turn of the neck, there, is awkward."

"If you would change the right hindfoot, Herr Grupello," said a third, "it would be an improvement."

Still another found fault with the horse's tail.

The artist listened, quietly. When they had all finished, he turned to the Prince and said, "Your courtiers, Prince, find a good many flaws in the statue of the horse; will you permit me to keep it a few days more, to do what I can with it?"

The Elector assented, and the artist ordered a temporary screen built around the statue, so

that his assistants could work undisturbed. For several days the sound of hammering came steadily from behind the enclosure. The courtiers, who took care to pass that way, often, were delighted. Each one said to himself, "I must have been right, really; the artist himself sees that something was wrong; now I shall have credit for saving the prince's portrait by my artistic taste!"

Once more the artist summoned the Prince and his courtiers, and once more the statue was unveiled. Again the Elector exclaimed at its beauty, and then he turned to his courtiers, one after another, to see what they had to say.

"Perfect!" said the first. "Now that the horse's head is in proportion, there is not a flaw."

"The change in the neck was just what was needed," said the second; "It is very graceful now."

"The rear right foot is as it should be now," said a third, "and it adds so much to the beauty of the whole!"

The fourth said that he considered the tail greatly improved.

"My courtiers are much pleased now," said the prince to Herr Grupello; "they think the statue much improved by the changes you have made."

Herr Grupello smiled a little. "I am glad they are pleased," he said, "but the fact is, I have changed nothing!"

"What do you mean?" said the Prince in surprise. "Have we not heard the sound of hammering every day? What were you hammering at then?"

"I was hammering at the reputation of your courtiers, who found fault simply because they were jealous," said the artist. "And I rather think that their reputation is pretty well hammered to pieces!"

It was, indeed. The Elector laughed heartily, but the courtiers slunk away, one after another, without a word.

SARA CONE BRYANT.

### Could Make It

A colored citizen who had been unwisely exploring foreign chicken coops heard that the sheriff was aiming in his direction. Hastily he sought the railroad station and asked the agent to give him a ticket to the end of the line on the fastest train.

"Our fastest train left just ten minutes ago," replied the agent.

"Well," gasped the would-be tourist, "jes' gimme de ticket an' p'int out de track!"

—American Legion Weekly.

# Sports Page

## The 1925 Baseball Circuit

A SIX team baseball league was formed in the office of E. R. Jefferis, Manager of Stores of The Union Pacific Coal Company, a few days ago. The teams which will compose the new league are Rock Springs, Superior, Reliance and Winton, employees of The Union Pacific Coal Company, Dines of the Colony Coal Company, and Sweetwater of the Gunn-Quealy Coal Company. This means an infusion of new blood, and now comes the Tono Notes for the month suggesting that the State of Washington and Tono, tired of a Goeduck diet, propose to load up their baseball team, moving on the Wyoming boys, thereafter, with appetite for flesh well whetted, biting into a good Wyoming steak. Wyoming shock troops, to the front!

An eighteen-game schedule is being worked out, with the opening games to be in Reliance, Superior and Rock Springs. According to present plans, the season will open on Sunday, May 17th, and will continue until August 30th, leaving each team to play where it pleases on Labor Day.

Because of the large number of people who annually come to Rock Springs for Memorial Day and for Fourth of July, the schedule is being arranged so as to give a double-bender in Rock Springs on these dates. All of the remaining games will be played on Sundays. Sweetwater is working out its diamond location.

The teams represented at the meeting arranged for each member of the league to post a guarantee to play out the season. It was also decided that a President and Executive Committee should be elected. This board will hear protests and cases brought by umpires against recalcitrant players, and prorate any fines assessed against clubs for breach of rules.

The winner of the 1925 pennant will be sent to one of the many tournaments that are played in Utah, Idaho and Colorado during the late fall. Last year Reliance earned a trip to Ogden.

One strict regulation which has already been adopted governs the employment of baseball players. Only a bona fide employe of one of the coal companies will be permitted to play, and he will be considered as bona fide only after he has worked for three weeks for the company on whose team he plays. A man with a professional record is barred.

The umpires will this year be approved by the Executive Board of the League, and an endeavor will be made to have neutral umpires work every game this summer. The schedule contemplated will allow an equal number of games in each camp.

## Superior Will Have a Strong Baseball Team

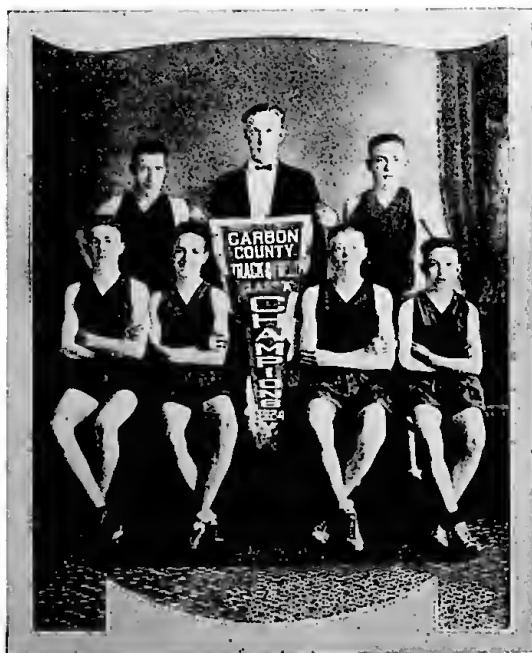
SUPERIOR will probably have one of the strongest baseball teams it has had in a long time, this season. By combining the Superior Independent Team and the Superior League Team, Superior should be able to present one of the best teams in this district. The Superior first team (Independents) last season held its own with the best teams in the state, having had three wins over the Green River team, conquerors of the Cheyenne Indians, and breaking even with the Parco Oil Cans of Parco, conquerors of Casper.

At this writing Superior has a presentable line-up with the following men: Madden, catcher; Madden was the mainstay behind the bat all last season.

Pitchers: Miller and Hiner. Miller has defeated every team he has faced in this part of the country. Hiner was responsible for holding the Superior league team in the race and bringing them to a play-off with the winners, Reliance. First base will be easily taken care of by "Hock" Norris. The loss of Johnny Sokorak, last year's second baseman, will make the second base position a hard one to fill, as he was one of the most promising youngsters on the Superior team. Third base will be up to Archie Smith and DeFrance. Lessen should be able to take care of shortstop in good fashion, as he showed good form there in the few games that he played at that position. Superior probably has the best outfield in this part of the state in Haag, Lavery, Droege, Whitetree and Pecolar.

## The Meegeath Basketball Team

The Meegeath School is proudly boasting the efforts of the basketball team. The team, under the coaching of Prof. Hofmeyer, is advancing in fine shape, considering the scarcity of material available. Although meeting two consecutive defeats by the Rock Springs High School second team, the local quintet is going through a stiff training schedule, and it is expected that the next encounter will favor the local team.



Hanna boys who were the Carbon County track and field, Class A, 1924, Champions.

Standing—Left to Right: Jack Walsh, E. Babcock, Coach, and Joe Jackson.

Sitting—Left to Right: Archie O'Malley, John Milliken, Charles Mellor and Robert Milliken.



# Rock Springs Boys, the 1924 Basket Ball Champions in Chicago

By Charles Pedri

FAT faces, skinny faces, white faces, dark faces, painted faces, pale faces! That's it! Faces, faces everywhere and not a face you know. That's Chicago. Masses of people hurrying hither and thither, shoving and elbowing along crowded sidewalks from 5 A. M. to 4:59 of the next A. M. Tall, smoky skyscrapers, noisy, jangling, and clanking street cars, flashy automobiles, speeding cabs and cumbersome looking autobusses, all fall in line to make Chicago a nice, noisy city, full of rush and hurry, in turmoil always, yet organized. That was my first impression of Chicago.

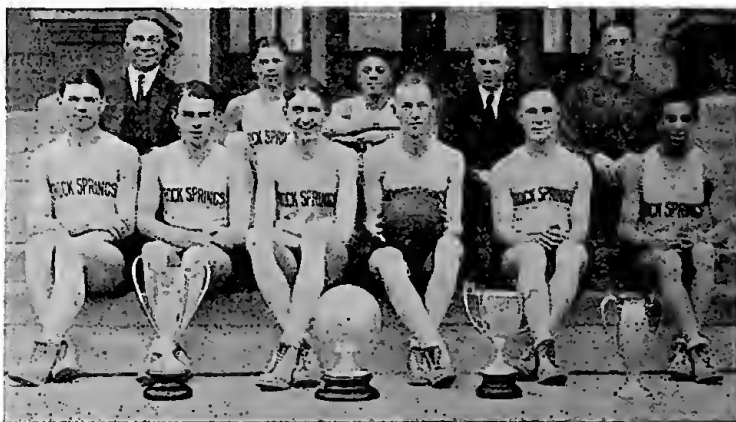
Beneath this hurried commotion there is, I think, a keen beauty of life. Man is working, striving always for survival, striving to make enough money to keep other human lives that are dependent upon him. It was always thus: man striving to make life easier and more bearable to the rising generation.

But to get away from the human part of this great city and to delve a moment into the mechanical splendor of it. To me, as to every member of the 1924 basketball team, Chicago held untold and undiscovered wonders. I was filled with awe when I wondered at the myriads of humans and at their tasks and occupations. Those immense buildings reaching toward the clouds caused me to wonder at and admire the genius of the men who were responsible for them. Then, too, the night with that wondrous effect that the many lights and moving signs make is quite unexplainable. Night in the "Loop," where man's artificial sun takes the place of the natural light of the day! There in that large city, with the "elevated" clanking three stories above one, it seemed to me that man was more powerful than he should really be. To be face to face with all this great mechanical system one minute, than to suddenly see nature in all its splendor the next moment is probably the greatest thrill of all. One moment you are in the heart of Chicago, "The Loop," the next moment the suburban train is speeding along the edge of the great Lake Michigan and you are admiring that vast expanse of blue water. Or perhaps it is one of those gray, misty mornings which are so frequent in Chicago, and then you may see the water in all its splendor, deep blue and azure in the distance, where the horizon and the water meet, turning a beautiful gray as it approaches the shore where the waves form huge, foamy sprays. From the busy humdrum of mechanism to the careless splashing of nature's waters.

I could go on with more such comparisons, but I am sure that some of you would be bored. I feel assured that if any of my team-mates read this, they will wonder that I should write of such trivialities in preference to telling you of the wonderful places, or I should say palaces, of amusement. They will probably ask, "Well, why didn't he say something of the wonderful shows that we saw or of the interesting places that we visited? Or something really interesting—where and what we ATE?"

There is, in Chicago, a certain widely famed cafeteria which boasts of the fact that one thousand people eat oysters there every day. This fact is quite conceivable when one is made acquainted with the

number of people that pass through those doors daily. Its seating capacity is one thousand persons and it is almost filled the whole day through. Be that as it may, it suffices to say that the "Coach" took us there for dinner our second day in Chicago. For most of us it was our first time in a cafeteria, and we were as green as green could be to cafeteria methods. Those of you that have been in large cafeterias can easily picture this one; long



THE ROCK SPRINGS BASKETBALL TEAM  
Champions of Wyoming, 1924

Back Row—Left to Right: E. M. Thompson, Principal; Raymond Kraft, Fred Rizzi, O. C. Schwioring, Supt.; Thomas Kelper, Coach. Front Row—Left to Right: Charles Pedri, Donald Hansen, Robert Outsen, John Jamison, Captain; Charles Martin, George Larrabaster.

counter covered with many kinds of dishes from which you take your choice. Before starting down the counter, Mr. Kelper gave us the necessary instructions; we were to take one of the trays and walk along the counter taking what food we looked so long as it was within training rules. Then we started. We each took a tray and started along the counter. The first good thing was turkey—we found out later that it was double portion, just enough for two people—then there was celery and of course we must have a roll, also some white and a few slices of brown bread, we must also have some desert and a glass of milk; the salad, too, was irresistible so we took a plate of it apiece. Before we realized what had happened we had a tray full of food to eat. But we ate it; two good healthy meals there were, on each one of those trays. I can safely say that I was never so stuffed full before, nor since. We firmly believe that in our case, at least, the management was sincere when on paying our checks they smiled profusely and bid us goodbye with a pleading, "Thank you. Come again—soon."

Time is getting short and I must hurry on. However, I can't leave you until I have told you something of the beauty and grandeur of that \$2,000,000

picture house, "The Chicago Theatre." Its spacious floors covered with thick rugs of rich extravagance, its massive, glimmering, cut-glass chandeliers, its crimson uniformed ushers, its great seating capacity, and the beauty of its twin organs spells "enchantment" to me. I cannot conceive of a more majestic beauty than the beauty of this great theatre. Alladin's magnificence would be dwarfed by the pompousness of it. I firmly believe it unsurpassable by any theatre of the present time. I have made a vow to myself that someday I will again feast my eyes on its splendor and allow thrills of joy to creep up and down my spine when those organs are playing "Shubert's Serenade" or possibly "Himmoresque" or some other great classic.

When I say that we enjoyed ourselves immensely in that great metropolis, I am sure that you will not dispute my statement.

#### EDITOR'S NOTE

Charles Pedri, member of the 1924 Rock Springs Basketball team, Wyoming Class A champions, is now a student at Cornell University. He writes of the team's trip to Chicago in March, 1924.

### Who Knows!

I HAVE a profound respect for boys. Grimy, ragged, tousled boys in the street often attract me strangely. A boy is a man in the cocoon—you do not know what it is going to become—his life is big with many possibilities.

He may make or unmake kings, change boundary lines between states, write books that will mold characters, or invent machines that will revolutionize the commerce of the world.

Very distinctly and vividly I remember a slim, freckled boy, who was born in the "Patch," and used to pick up coal along the railroad tracks in Buffalo. A few months ago I had a motion to make before the Supreme Court and the boy from the "Patch" was the judge who wrote the opinion granting my petition.

Yesterday I rode horseback past a field where a boy was plowing. The lad's hair stuck out through the top of his hat; his form was bony and awkward; one suspender held his trousers in place; his bare legs and arms were brown and sunburned and briar-scarred.

He swung his horses around just as I passed by, and from under the flapping brim of his hat he cast a quick glance out of the dark, half bashful eyes and modestly returned my salute. His back turned, I took off my hat and sent a God-bless-you down the furrow after him. Who knows?—I may go to that boy to borrow money, or to hear him preach, or to beg him to defend me in a lawsuit; or he may stand with pulse unfastened, bare of arm, in white apron, ready to do his duty, while the cone is placed over my face, and Night and Death came creeping into my veins.

Be patient with the boys—you are dealing with soulstuff. Destiny awaits just around the corner. Be patient with the boys.

ELBERT HUBBARD.



HANNA GIRLS' BASKET BALL TEAM.

Standing—Eline Lucas, Coach Frederickson, Inez Rochford. Second Row—Leona Tate, Annie Meekin, Pearl Nelson, Mabel Wright and Edna Clark. Third Row—Beth Wright and Lucille Love.



HANNA HIGH SCHOOL BASKET BALL TEAM.

Standing—Matson, Coach Schoreder, Clegg, Lehti. Sitting—Groutage, Scarpelli, Rider, Barton, Lehto.  
Record—Won 11, Lost 7.

## The World Is Against Me

"The world is against me," he said with a sigh,  
"Somebody stops every scheme that I try.  
The world has me down and it's keeping me there;  
I don't get a chance. Oh, the world is unfair!  
When a fellow is poor, then he can't get a show;  
The world is determined to keep him down low."

"What of Abe Lincoln?" I asked. "Would you say  
That he was much richer than you are today?  
He hadn't your chance of making your mark,  
And his outlook was often exceedingly dark;  
Yet he clung to his purpose with courage most grim  
And he got to the top. Was the world against him?"

"What of Ben Franklin? I've oft heard it said  
That many a time he went hungry to bed.  
He started with nothing but courage to climb,  
But patiently struggled and waited his time.  
He dangled awhile from real poverty's limb,  
Yet he got to the top. Was the world against him?"

I could name you a dozen, yes, hundreds, I guess,  
Of poor boys who patiently climbed to success;  
All boys who were down and who struggled alone,  
Who'd have thought themselves rich if your fortune  
they'd known;  
Yet they rose in the world you're so quick to condemn,  
And I'm asking you now, was the world against  
them?"

EDGAR A. GUEST.

## Hectic

Tourist: "Ever have any excitement around here?"  
Native: "Durn near had a circus hero ten year ago."



COME ON! PLAY BALL!

Get out of the way, Winter. The Union Pacific Coal Company Baseball League wants to get on the diamond.



### Rock Springs

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. H. Dietrick are the proud parents of a baby daughter, born on March 1st.

Joe Oliva, who has been employed in No. 4 Mine, has gone to Kemmerer, where he expects to locate.

Mike Rennie has been seriously ill at the Wyoming General Hospital with stomach trouble.

M. J. Sturman, who was recently injured in No. 8 Mine, has again returned to work.

Harry Clark, Jr., has gone to Salt Lake City where he had his tonsils removed.

Leonard Hansen and Fred Clark, of Reliance, paid the Mine office a pleasant call.

Wm. Johnson recently underwent a minor operation at the Wyoming General Hospital.

Griff Abraham and family have gone to their ranch in Big Horn County, where they expect to spend the summer.

Wm. Iredale is employed on the tippie at "E" Plane.

I. E. Lee, who has been employed in No. 2 Mine, has gone to Omaha, where he expects to spend the summer.



Edgar B. Henningsen, Jr., Hanna.

Jack Ramsey has returned from Cheyenne, where he attended the session of the State Legislature.

Word has been received from Ben Dowell, who recently went to Washington, that he is again employed in the mines at Tono.

Grover Martin has again returned to work after being confined to his home for two weeks with the la grippe.

Robert Muir has gone to California, where he expects to spend the next thirty days.

Milan Roych and family have gone to San Francisco, where they expect to locate.

Al Anderson and family have moved into the house recently vacated by Milan Roych on Ninth street.

C. E. Moffitt and son, Guy, have been in Superior overhauling a set of railroad scales.

Paul Zavada, who was recently injured in No. 2 Mine, has now recovered and has gone to his home in Butte, Montana.

Ben Morgan has been confined to the Wyoming General Hospital with an attack of diabetes.

George Krichbaum, Sr., has again returned to work after having been confined to his home with an injury received while at work in No. 8 Mine.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl J. Carlson, of "E" Plane, are the proud parents of a baby daughter born at the Wyoming General Hospital.

Harry James has been confined to his home with a severe cold.

Morgan Roberts has been busy the past two weeks lining up the baseball team for the coming season. He states that he has not, as yet, closed all contracts but expects to have a very strong team this year.

### Cumberland



Bobbed hair is not in style here. Amanda Groutage of Cumberland.

A very exciting time occurred here on the night of March 1st, when one of the large garage buildings caught fire and was entirely destroyed. Those whose cars were burned were: Tom Dodds, Mrs. Mary Thompson, Arvid Luoma, Martin Ruitta, Emil Stenberg, Andrew Andrews, John Petrovich, Tullio Stango and Frank Subic. Only two of the cars were covered by insurance.

The sewing club organized by Miss Stooky at Camp No. 2 will meet once a week at the meeting house.

Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Andrews are the proud parents of a new baby girl.

Mrs. Geo. Snyder was summoned to Salt Lake City during the illness of her father.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. John Kabler, February 16th, twins. Both babies are girls.

The first meeting of the Upper Twelve Embroidery Club at Camp No. 2 was held at the home of Mrs. J. Goddard. At the close of the evening a dainty lunch was served. Special guests were Mrs. G. A. Brown, Mrs. Wright Walker, Mrs. William Gibbs, and Mrs. P. Boam, Sr.

Mrs. Kathleen Gibbs has returned to her home at Salt Lake City after a two weeks' visit with her daughters, Mrs. A. L. Faddis and Mrs. Lyman Fearn.

Lillian, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Anderson, was taken to the L. C. M. Hospital at Kemmerer. She is suffering with an abscess of the lungs. We wish her a speedy recovery.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Nick Domico, a baby girl.

One of our best Community dances of the season was given February 14th. A large crowd attended and had great sport throwing confetti, wearing caps and jumping for hearts. Sandwiches, cake and coffee were served at a late hour. The four hostesses were Mrs. Wm. Coow, Mrs. Wright Walker, Mrs. Wm. McLean and Mrs. James Reese.

A sad accident occurred at No. 1 Mine Thursday night, March 5th, when a cave occurred where Mr. Gust Piirainen was working. Immediate aid was summoned, but death had been almost instantaneous. The community extends its sympathy to the bereaved family.

Mrs. Bert Williams has been ill with tonsilitis.

The community Embroidery Club at Camp No. 1 is still holding its meeting every Wednesday evening. The club is becoming very popular and has a membership of about twenty-six. Many useful and beautiful things are being made by the ladies.

Rev. Father Short of Kemmerer held Mass in the Catholic church here the third Sunday of February. Father Short comes to Cumberland the third Sunday of each month.

Mrs. James Rollins and small daughter, Lois, have spent a couple of weeks at Lyman visiting relatives and friends.

## Tono

Mrs. Harrison Nugent and infant daughter, Roberta Louise, returned from the Centralia General Hospital March 8th.

The Baseball Club has been reorganized and gave a dance to start things off, netting them a substantial sum. It is the hope of the organizers to gather a team that will give a good account of itself locally, and endeavor to make a trip to the Rock Springs District in the summer. In former years Tono was

famed chiefly for her Baseball Team, having wrested the Coal Mine Championship from Wilkeson on two occasions.

Misses Jean Murray and Anna Rossmailer were joint hostesses at a farewell party for Miss Thelma Lewin. Sixteen school friends were guests at the Rossmailer home.

Copies of Old Masterpieces of Art were collected and exhibited at the School House on March 11th. An admission fee was charged to enable the purchase of additional prints for grade rooms. The exhibition was very liberally patronized.

The Merry Wives Club was entertained at the home of Mrs. C. V. Rankin. Miss Maplethorp and Mrs. Planeta won high score at 500.

Mrs. E. C. Way entertained members of the Ladies' First Aid Club at her home recently, at which all appeared in their striking new uniforms of white. The club will sponsor a dance at an early date.

Mr. John Cowell is at the Centralia General Hospital suffering from serious injuries received in an automobile wreck. From the press we learn that another car with a load of moonshine whiskey deliberately smashed into the Cowell car, completely wrecking it and breaking Mr. Cowell's jaw, besides inflicting painful internal injuries. The parties causing the accident are being held in jail without bail pending the outcome of Mr. Cowell's injuries. Mrs. Cowell and son, Henry, were also in the car but escaped with minor bruises.

Mr. Earl Asb has installed a new Neutrodyne radio set and is becoming quite a bug.

Wm. Barber and E. C. Way were guests of the Tenino Civic Club at the annual banquet in the Masonic Hall.

Mrs. Wm. Hann has been critically ill and was removed to the Swedish Hospital at Seattle for attention.

Through press announcements it is learned that the Public Service Commission has granted the plea of the O. W. R. R. & N. Co. to withdraw passenger and express service to and from Tono.



Cast of "Tillie," play put on by the 1924 graduating class, Rock Springs High School.

Standing—Left to Right: M. L. Liddy, coach; Herman Menkiney, Wm. Kensinger, Jay Outsen, Edgar Meldrim, Dwight Jones, Joe Giovale.

Seated—Left to Right: Mary Whelan, Mary Morton, Clara Boyle, Alice Bell, Dorothea Stark, John Wendt.

The Tono School Bus has been undergoing extensive repairs account tearing out of the transmission, the Tonino Union High District supplying one of its large trucks for our use for a week.

A number of local sportsmen joined the Goeduck hunt on Sunday, March 1st, and it is learned they were successful in capturing "Pilehuck Jane."

The funeral of Grandma Murray at Centralia was one of the largest attended funerals held for some years, with over a mile of automobiles in line.

Mrs. L. J. West of Hiawatha, Utah, was called to Tono by the death of her mother, Mrs. Jas. Murray.

### Superior

Mr. Frank Pelican attended the Rocky Mountain Coal Mining Institute at Denver and reported a most enjoyable and profitable time.

Mr. Nie Mettam and Mr. Fred Robinson are visiting relatives in Carlsbad, California.

Mr. George Norman Green attended the Educational Convention at Cincinnati.

The Paul Whiteman concert in Rock Springs, March 7th, was enjoyed by many Superior folks.

The sincere sympathy of Superior is extended to the bereaved family of Mrs. Tom Brierley. Mrs. Brierley died very suddenly at the Wyoming General Hospital on Sunday, March 8th.

Mrs. R. H. Sanders entertained very delightfully at a Bridge luncheon on March 12th.

The Ladies' Guild of Superior gave a public card party at the Opera House Saturday, March 14th. About one hundred people were present. First prizes were won by Mrs. J. O. Holen and Mr. Ben Caine.

Word has been received from Rev. Mr. Bacon, Episcopal Rector, formerly of Superior, that ill health made it necessary for him to enter one of the local hospitals in Denver. We hope he has a speedy recovery.



MRS. RUSSELL SHOLL.  
Formerly Miss Grace Butler of Hanna.

### Reliance

Mr. Anton Mezek is in the Rock Springs hospital with an injured foot.

Mr. L. Sery has gone to Ogden to consult a specialist about his hearing.

Mrs. Pete Robinson and Mrs. Howard McComas entertained the Kensington department of the Woman's Club at the home of Mrs. Robinson, Friday evening, March 6th. Fortune telling provided a novel entertainment.

The Relief Society met with Mrs. Gibbs, March 3rd, for their study of theology, with Mrs. Wm. Spence March 10th for their monthly business meeting, and with Mrs. McWieman March 17th for their literary afternoon.

The infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Reese died February 25th.

Chas. Spence and family have moved to Rock Springs, where Mr. Spence will be more conveniently located for the discharge of his duties as County Assessor.

The Baseball Club gave a dance March 14th, to raise funds for this summer's expenses. There was a big turn-out and everyone had a good time.

Mr. and Mrs. Nick Burns motored from Rock Springs March 9th to wish Mrs. Wm. Spence many happy returns, and the following day her Reliance friends surprised her with a birthday party and many handsome gifts.

Hugh Harrigan is the proud possessor of a classy new Oakland coach.

Mrs. Nick McKesson had a birthday party Friday, March 13th, her lucky day.

Master Bill Spence entertained eleven of his little friends on his eleventh birthday March 16th.



MISS HILDA MOLBERIZ.

Member of 1922 graduating class Hanna High School  
—now teaching in Superior.



## Hanna

The First Aid Club gave their monthly social at First Aid Hall on Saturday evening, March 7th, Mr. Gibson (Safety Tom) being the honor guest.

The play entitled "College Days," given under the auspices of the High School Glee Club and Orchestra at the Opera House on Saturday evening, March 7th, was well attended and very much enjoyed by all.

We regret to record that on Monday, March 2nd, Joseph Walton, an old time employe, met with a serious accident in No. 4 Mine, which will confine him to the Hospital for a number of weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. F. K. Ford have purchased the interests of Mr. and Mrs. John Cole in the Hanna Hotel. The change in management became effective on March 1st.

The many friends of Mrs. John Larson, who was a resident of Hanna for a number of years, were shocked and grieved to learn of her death at Denver, Colorado, on Friday, March 6th. After appropriate ceremonies held at the Methodist church she was laid to rest in the Hanna cemetery.

The Colored Baptist Church gave another of their famous chicken suppers at the First Aid Hall on February 28th.

The Methodist Church held a bake sale at First Aid Hall on March 14th. The proceeds will be used for church purposes.

Mr. O. W. Smith, recently employed as a clerk in the Union Pacific store, has accepted a responsible position in Denver and, with his family, departed for their new home on March 5th.

Mrs. E. R. Henningsen and baby returned from a vacation at Oakland, California, on Sunday, February 22nd. Ed is all smiles, and says he missed the baby very much during their absence.

Mrs. Chas. Ainsworth is confined to the Hospital, having undergone a minor operation.

We regret to have to announce the death of D. Mamanakis, which occurred at the Hanna Hospital on Monday, March 9th. Mr. Mamanakis was operated on for hernia a few days previous to his death.

Gus Fouris is a patient at the Hanna Hospital, recovering from a minor operation.

Mrs. Wm. Nelson is convalescing at the Hanna Hospital, following an operation for appendicitis.

Thomas Cook, pumper at No. 4 Mine, has returned to work after being laid up at home with a sprained ankle.

J. H. Crawford, Mine Foreman at No. 2 Mine, has been confined to his home for several days, suffering from rheumatism. Joe Woods is acting Foreman during Mr. Crawford's absence.

Mr. G. E. Bullock, our genial Store Manager, was called to Coalville, Utah, March 7th, on account of the death of his grandfather.

## Winton

Miss Mary Cassidy has returned to Chicago, after a several months' visit with her sister, Mrs. M. M. Cody.

Mrs. L. R. Marceau returned on March 17th from a short trip to Michigan, having been called there by the sudden death of her mother.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed Williams have located in Kemmerer, Wyo., where Mr. Williams has accepted a position with his father, who is in charge of the Piggly Wiggly store there.

Mr. Frank Charter has returned from Old Mexico and has resumed his duties as weigh-master. Mrs. Charter will return shortly, and it is expected that they will reside here permanently.

The Parent-Teachers Association gave a successful carnival dance Saturday, March 14th. A good crowd was in attendance and many out-of-town friends were present. The First Aid Club also gave a carnival dance Saturday, March 21st, which was largely attended. The Happy Five furnished the music.



Violet Rookala



Mary Barbadaki



Mrs. Linnie Redfern, teacher of the 4th and 5th grades, has been called to Texas on account of the serious illness of her father. Mrs. John Henderson is substituting.



The Union Pacific Coal Company  
Stores  
announces the arrival of a  
complete and alluring  
assortment of

# Nelly Don Frocks for Spring

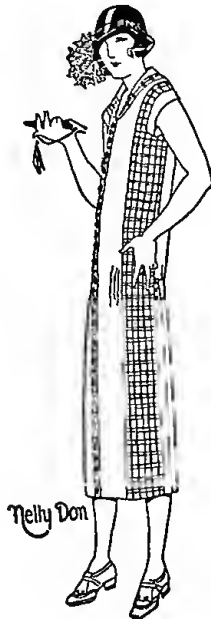
Styles new and individual—practical enough for every home service, yet smart enough for street and all informal wear.

Fabrics favored for beauty and service—Parisian Prints—Fasheen—Crepe Suitings—Broadcloth—Keltie Krash—Linen, plain and striped.

Prices surprisingly low—suited to every purse.

Women who have worn Nelly Dons will appreciate the importance of this announcement, and make early selections. Those not familiar with these unusual frocks are urged to come in and learn why our most discriminating customers eagerly await each showing of Nelly Don's new creations.

Come in tomorrow and  
JUST TRY ONE ON



The Union Pacific Coal Company  
Stores

Reliance  
Superior  
Winton

Rock Springs  
Cumberland  
Hanna

# Two Wonderful Five-Cent Cigars

***Airedale    :-    Trainmaster***

**Cordove Cigar Co., Distributors**

Phone Main 3525

Denver

P. O. Box 655

## CONDENSED STATEMENT

OF

## The First National Bank, Rock Springs, Wyo.

ROCK SPRINGS, WYOMING

At the close of Business, December 31, 1924

RESOURCES		LIABILITIES	
Loans and Discounts.....	\$ 891,162.19	DEPOSITS .....	\$1,695,012.82
Liberty Bonds .....	100,000.00	Circulation .....	100,000.00
Other U. S. Bonds .....	135,085.00	Capital .....	\$100,000.00
Bonds, Warrants and Securities.....	68,885.61	Surplus .....	75,000.00
Banking House .....	169,985.80	Profits .....	3,683.62
Furniture and Fixtures .....	27,788.91		178,683.62
Real Estate Owned .....	18,936.54		
Cash on hand, due from banks and			
U. S. Treasury .....	561,851.39		
	<b>\$1,973,696.44</b>		<b>\$1,973,696.44</b>

Actual Cash Reserve .....31.3 Per Cent  
 Stocks and Bonds Reserve .....17.0 Per Cent  
 Available Reserve .....48.3 Per Cent

"No one," says President Coolidge, "is so poor that he cannot afford to be thrifty. No one is so rich that he does not need to be thrifty." The margin between success and failure, between a respectable place in life and oblivion, is very narrow; it is measured by a single word—THRIFT. The one who saves is the one who will win.

## NORTH SIDE STATE BANK

"The People's Bank"

Capital and Surplus \$150,000.00

YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT GOOD EATING IS

If you haven't tried Bread and Pastry baked at

Pilot Butte Avenue

**UNION BAKERY**

Rock Springs, Wyoming

"Blue Ribbon Bread"

## KELLOGG LUMBER COMPANY

Incorporated

Building Materials and Paints.

General Contractors.

ROCK SPRINGS, WYOMING

*Full o' Flavor*



A SCOWCROFT PRODUCT

Stores in UTAH, IDAHO, WYOMING and NEVADA

**Schramm-Johnson**

Drug Store Company

Drugs, Kodaks, Stationery and Sundries

Candy Cigars Soda

ROCK SPRINGS, WYOMING

Phone 111 W

**Tom Thum**

Home Made Candy, Ice Cream

Magazines and Stationery

ROCK SPRINGS, WYOMING



We Recommend

# Advo Coffee

Union Pacific Coal Company Stores

McCord Brady Company  
Rock Springs, Wyoming



*For All Occasions You Will Find Supreme Satisfaction*

—in—

## CUDAHY'S PURITAN HAMS and BACON LUNCHEON MEATS and SAUSAGE

**The Cudahy Packing Company**

North Salt Lake, Utah.

J. S. Weppner, Rock Springs, Wyo., Representative

**J. B. Young**  
& Company

**GENERAL MERCHANDISE**

**Staple, New and Fancy Groceries**

**New Spring Line in Women's Wear  
Up-to-date Shoes**

Come in and see us

25 Pilot Butte Avenue

Telephone 169

**Lewis H. Brown**

**ATTORNEY-AT-LAW**



**First National Bank Building**

**Rock Springs, Wyoming**

**If** you could visit our plant and see the quality of material used, as well as the care in producing the very finest

## CAKES and CRACKERS

*you would surely insist upon*

**"SUPREME" BRANDS**

---

The  
**Merchants Biscuit Company**  
DENVER

*"If we suggest today - - you'll insist tomorrow."*

## *For Sale Everywhere*

"No Order from a Dealer is too large or too small for our consideration"

A Cigar De Luxe

**OSMUNDO**

10c to \$1.00 each

**EL-ROI-TAN**

The Perfect Cigar

---

**Cordove Cigar Company**

Distributors

Phone Main 3525

Denver

P. O. Box 655

## ARE YOU A "WISHER"

Many people spend their time "wishing" while others start saving and then get the good things the others "wish" for.

In which class are you? Get in the saving class. It's easy. A dollar starts you at this bank. Before long you'll have enough to be really proud of. We will pay you interest on your savings.

Start now. That one thing takes you out of the "wishing" class and puts you in the "having" class.

## The Rock Springs National Bank

Rock Springs, - Wyoming

Dealers in Everything Electrical.  
House Wiring Contractors.

Southern Wyoming Electric Company

Park Hotel Bldg.

Rock Springs, Wyoming

Telephone 61



# Dependable Furniture Pays for Itself



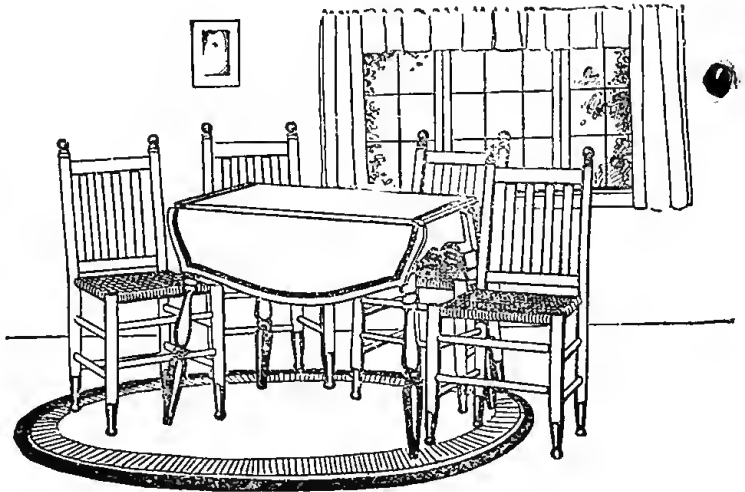
A Kitchen Cabinet is the greatest Step-saving device in any home. It means less kitchen drudgery, and a fuller, happier life for Mother.

Hoosier Cabinets are the original ones. Their reputation is Nation-Wide and their guarantees absolute. See us about delivering one to your home.

## Exchange Department Features

When marketing for furniture, remember our Exchange Department. Here you will not only find Sound Values in Reconditioned Homefurnishings, but also you will find a market for your own used goods.

We Pay Cash for household goods, or allow suitable credit on new furniture to replace the old.



As beautiful furniture, breakfast sets have Unusual Charm, and they are Useful too.

## HOME FURNITURE COMPANY

"Good Home Furnishings—Reasonably Priced"

Opposite Post Office

Rock Springs, Wyoming